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CHILD-LIFE IN VENICE.

PART I.

THE idea of children does not readily occur to the stranger in Venice. Why should it? Are not its citizens born into the world men and women, with faces beyond their years? Do its narrow, crooked passages, hardly worthy the name of streets, constantly interrupted by steep bridges over sea channels lined with aged palaces, between whose marble walls the silent tides steal ever onward like the march of fate, furnish any playgrounds for boys and girls?

So when I stood, very early the morning after my arrival, in the great Piazza of St. Mark's, no thought of childhood was in my mind.

I thought instead of the mystic-winged lion poising himself on his soaring column; of the rose-colored mass of the Doge's palace with its exquisite marble arcades; of Nero's colossal bronze horses over the doorway, in the grand Oriental front of the ancient basilica; of the glistening mosaics, the marvellous carvings, above all of the unfathomable depths of blue sky over me, and the equally unfathomable depths of blue water at my feet. And this singular beauty, which no picture had ever revealed, no book had ever shown, was silent. Neither sound of hoof nor roll of wheels, nothing but the plash, plash of the ever-moving water, and the soft croon of innumerable pigeons.

And what dissipated my reverie? Why, the merry laugh of a Venetian baby! Yes, the only other figure in the stately square was that of a young and comely nurse, who carried tenderly in her strong arms the first child I saw in Venice. She came through the Piazetta, that little passage which leads from the great square to the water, and in her dark red-trimmed skirt, long white apron with its great bow behind, black bodice, and quaint, tight-fitting cap, was as significant embodiment of the every-day life, which in spite of unique situation, and unparalleled surroundings, is as much the heritage of Venice as of the most ordinary European city. The pigeons saw her sooner than I, and when a couple swept down as if to light on her broad shoulders, the baby put up his tiny fingers to catch them, and not succeeding, laughed instead. How that laugh rang through the shadowy arches, how it took possession of them, so that I heard it ever after, must be left to the imagination. But this baby though a beauty was not of the Venetian type. His blonde hair,

.A VENITIAN TRAVELLER—TIME 1883

blue eyes, and fair skin, contrasted strongly with the gleaming, surprising loveliness of the next child whom the accidents of sight-seeing caused me to notice.

The Piazza of St. Mark's is as much the centre of the religious as of the social life of the city, for its crowning glory is the church of St. Mark. Marvellous upon its exterior, it is no less marvellous within, appealing more strongly to the religious element than any other church in the world. Its doors stand open day and night, prayer never ceases within its walls, and the sacrament is constantly adored upon its altar. Therefore there is an endless crowd, old and young, women and soldiers, children and priests, continually passing through its nave. In fact, so accustomed are the people to the most familiar use of the church, that I often saw the market-woman set down her heavy basket in the vestibule, or the vender of fried fish deposit the yoke upon which his wares were hung at the entrance doors. From a little narrow street which elbowed St. Mark's on the north many busy mothers emerged to rush across the square and say a hasty prayer in the church. These mothers never had any baby carriages, but they pushed the little ones before them in a queer sort of cage, akin to what in remote parts of New England is even now called a "standing stool."

These standing stools are high enough to come under the baby's arms and allow his feet to rest on the floor. Being larger at the bottom than the top, the support is firm, and the wheels, fastened securely to the base, allow the child to push himself along. It is very convenient to use this old-time contrivance in Venice, as the squares and many streets are paved with great blocks of white marble, smooth and level as a drawing-room floor.

One morning a mother left her baby in his stool at the principal entrance of St. Mark's. I do not know if she prayed longer than usual, or if he thought it a good opportunity to go off a little on his own account, but he began to roll himself around. Nearly opposite where he was left, on the east side of the square, is a paved street not more than seven feet in its widest part, and upon whose every side shops are set as thickly as possible. I was picking my way gingerly amid its fruit sellers, fish dealers, and shell venders, when loud shouts and hearty laughing made me turn sharply. The little Venetian traveller was coming right down upon me. Doubtless the square slanted a trifle, for his rapid motion left his hurrying mother far behind. His short-sleeved blouse showed his plump brown arms, while the funny cap, embroidered with shells instead of beads, permitted us to see how his gleaming eyes laughed to their dusky depths as he shook defiantly in the air the odd toy he sturdily held close in his wildest flight. After him still clattered his irritated mamma. On account of her high-heeled shoes she could not run very fast, but there was little need, for a good-natured water-carrier stretched out his brawny arms and the runaway was captured.

I have called this narrow alley of St. Moisé a street, for there are streets in Venice, and one may walk all over the city if one chooses. But the real streets of Venice are its salt water canals, upon whose banks its famous churches, finest palaces, and most interesting monuments are sit-

A SWIMMING LESSON.

uated. These water-streets are navigated day and night by gondolas, a kind of boat whose form has been as curiously adapted to its purposes of instant obedience as that of a bird's wing. It must draw very little water, carry almost any weight, shelter its passengers, move lightly, stop instantly, turn as on a pivot, glide like a serpent in and out of every cranny, in short, obey not so much an order as a hint. It is long, slender, and very high from the water at both ends. Bow and stern are sharp, and the former ends in a beak, or flat steel, which towers to a considerable height. This deeply-serrated blade of steel is an ornament, but it is useful as well, for by it the gondolier steers, and under whatever bridge it passes, he knows his black cabin in the centre will pass too. The danger of collision obliges him to face the bow and, as he never uses but one oar, he pushes, not pulls. The cabin is often removed and an awning put up, which may in its turn be dispensed with, when one has full view of the pale-faced, black-eyed beauties as they take their twilight airing. Gondolas, like cabs, are numbered and licensed, and it is said there are now four or five thousand in this strange city of the sea. They are black from stem to stern, the law having regulated their color for centuries. The necessity of the law is evident; for we read that nobles and citizens vied so with each other to be finest, that whole families were brought to poverty.

Realizing that Venetian cabs are boats, and Venetian streets are canals which rise and fall every tide, we are prepared to hear that Venetians themselves take all their pleasure on the water. So they do now, and have done for ages. When Naples has welcomed royal guests with brave horse races on the Corso, when Rome has honored Pope, or Cardinal, with a gorgeous procession, Venice has summoned the splendid barges of the Republic and taken her guests to her palace-lined canals. Was it a victory — then they decked the Doge's boat with flags from Lepanto. Was it a poet — then they brought out the banner which floated over the barge of the illustrious Petrarch, when with acclamation they rowed him over the shining waves of the Giudecca. Or, holiest of all,

OUT FOR THE AFTERNOON.

CROSSING THE STREET.

at the great Feast of the Sacrament, the sacred emblem of St. Mark, and the trophies blind old Dandolo brought from the Holy Sepulchre. A dozen times in a summer they have a grand regatta; and good children are taken in a gondola to see the fun, just as in America they go to the circus. The month we were in Venice there was a famous regatta to welcome the young Queen of Italy. Hundreds of boats started from the Grand Canal, rowed around the gilded plumed gondola where the Queen sat, then made their way to the Rialto bridge where they turned and glided slowly back. Each black hood was removed, and festoons of pink and salmon, orange and violet, red and green, blue and white, so changed the mystic fleet, that it is little wonder we likened it only to the storied boat which bore King Arthur to Avalon. The band played during the entire pageant, and the lovely music floated out on the Lagoons and was lost in the cry of the sea-gulls over the Lido.

Each was in holiday dress, which in Italy means all the colors of the rainbow; everybody was polite to the two strangers who had come " so far to see their beautiful Venice." No police were visible, and although skillful rowers must have been much annoyed by awkward ones, we heard no angry words. After a little we, too, took a boat, that we might see the effect from its level. The gondolas looked particularly fine as we thus watched them from the stream. Standing so high on the narrow platforms at the stern, with their long oars bending hither and thither, they resembled a field of slender rushes waving in the wind. Opposite the Royal Gardens, with much of the most interesting architecture of Venice in view, we came upon a gondola

load of children, who like ourselves were going home from the regatta. Their tall slim gondolier, bursting unexpectedly upon us, recalled the classic charioteer urging his horses in the antique games. Standing with one foot behind the other, and with outstretched arms, he seemed to skim the water. His attention was given to steering his craft amid the scows which pressed upon him, but his freight of children were too happy even to look any more. For once the eager eyes had seen enough, for a time at least the restless little hearts were satisfied, and we had no doubt in many a distant northern home as they gathered by the evening fire that cheeks would flush and eyes sparkle as they told of the regatta that midsummer day in Venice.

And who can tell what such days in Venice are to the children of the poor to whom summer is the only luxury? Then boys, even street boys, are crazy with joy, for they have not only air but water in which to be mischievous. It is no trouble for a boy to go swimming in that city of the sea. Every high arched bridge, no matter how serpentine the canoe beneath, may be turned into a swimming school, every kind-hearted father, uncle or brother serves for a teacher, and as each novice is, or may be, provided with some kind of a float, there is no apprehension of danger. From the beginning of June far on into September, the boy-part of Venice is far oftener in the water than out, where they

A VENETIAN GIRL.

either shout and clamor to each other, or poise themselves for a leap from any friendly doorstep; and as the Venetian bathing dress is a mere hint of that elsewhere worn, you are never tired of admiring the fine statuesque limbs, bronzed by the too kindly sun.

Many a time as I have stood watching those happy boys I have wondered at details of the architecture about me, which in every place appeared more inexplicable than in every other. The chimneys especially I never could understand. I never saw two alike — some rose tall and slender from the lofty houses, with a tapering stem a yard or more in length, and with a top resembling a tulip. Others looked like the watch towers of a mediæval castle, and still others expanded into so wide an opening that you thought of a sunflower.

And not only do boys swim as much as they like, not only do they take gondolas when sent on the commonplace errands which in other cities demand street cars, but they often own tiny boats themselves wherein to paddle from one side of the street to the other. Has a boy left his arithmetic, does his mother send him for his missing handkerchief — I suppose there are boys in Venice who have handkerchiefs, though I never met one — then he slips the painter of his frail canoe which looks as if it had just come from the hands of the toy-maker and glides away noiselessly, gracefully, like an Indian boy of the Adirondack forest. Sometimes our gondola, following one of these fairy boats, would penetrate into the very heart of a row of lofty houses, now perhaps hotels, warehouses or factories where glass, beads, and mosaic pictures are made. But whatever their present use, whatever their ancient splendor, they had always a high marble wall, with its feet in the cooling water and its top gay with the bright-colored plants in which Venice delights.

A stunted fig or plum-tree often showed itself in the precious garden which extended between the wall and the palace, whose actual entrance was upon a much statelier canal. Merry groups of children were always seen on these old walls. Here they sheltered themselves from the burning sun of noon, here they fondled their pets, sailed their toy boats, and, if well to do in purse, threw soldi to their less fortunate neighbors, who dived and brought the coins out of the shallow water. Another shower of coins often rewarded one of

A VENETIAN BACK-DOOR.

these brown-limbed divers, if he was sufficiently dexterous to climb a tall mooring post and bow his thanks from its top.

In a dark twisted alley at the side of one of these palaces lived pretty Bianca, the daughter of our laundress. We should have called her home a cellar, and only sharp eyes could detect any convenience for cooking or washing. The light came in by the door, and the fireplace was simply an elevated table of stone upon which the scanty fire was made. As wood is very dear in Venice, two or three twigs costing a cent, three or four cents' worth is supposed to be enough to warm such a home as Bianca's the coldest day. The only artificial light ever seen within its narrow limits was the tiny taper which burned always before the picture of the Blessed Virgin.

But the twelve-year-old Bianca was merry and light-hearted enough to chase the gloom from the dingiest home. Her ebon hair knotted low behind as if she were already a woman, her liquid eyes which in spite of their fun seemed to hold all the sadness of the past, and her nose with the exquisite curve of a Greek Venus, might have been found in many of her neighbors ; but nobody had Bianca's bewitching smile, nobody had her ringing laugh, and certainly nobody could sing like Bianca. Up and down the alley she flitted, and her "*Viva Italia*," quickened the beat of many a heart, and when at nightfall the fishermen's children went out to the Lido that their evening hymn might guide their fathers over the treacherous Adriatic, no voice like Bianca's to lead the chorus!

Yet neither her glossy hair, her lovely eyes, nor her unequalled voice, was Bianca's pride. But she was proud — she went to school! Schools for the poor are new in Italy, and with tears did Bianca tell me, that not only did she read and write, but she actually studied arithmetic.

And if she thought herself lucky, what did Nello, the polenta and pumpkin seed seller just across the street, think? He was poorer than Bianca, though no older; for he had no place to sleep nights, excepting the water-step of any unoccupied warehouse, and he only earned enough money in the day, including what he ate himself, to pay for his wares. His clothes were very scanty, his only cap a ragged red one which he wore on Sundays; but he had picked up somewhere a string of the many-tinted shells of the Lido, and his one passion was Venice, his one admiration Bianca. "It is well the dear Signora should see our Venice; she is the pearl of the world; and as for Bianca — ah, how beautiful she is, how she can sing, and is she not clever — she even knows the arithmetic!"

One Sunday Nello was among the crowd of children who, in the Square of St. Mark's, were feeding the sacred pigeons. I knew how often the poor boy went hungry, and was touched to see him pull from the sleeve of his tattered blouse a bit of polenta he had saved from his supper; he never had any breakfast. Although the plump, comfortable birds are fed at the public expense, not a child in Venice but longs to have something of his own to give them. This feeling is shared by the whole population; for when, in 1849, Venice was besieged by the Austrians and reduced to famine, no one thought of touching the doves of

St. Mark's. Although grain was so scarce that men fought in the streets for a morsel of food, the pigeons were never deprived of their supply.

They owe this good fortune to the virtue of their ancestors. When Dandolo, early in the thirteenth century, was besieging Candia, some pigeons brought him good tidings, and he in turn dispatched news of his success to Venice by the same white-winged telegraph.

Since then it is imagined that the doves fly three times around the city in honor of the Trinity, and that while they are protected, Venice will never be swallowed up by the waves.

It is one of the prettiest sights in the world, when in the square, they are fed each day a little past noon. They are perfectly fearless, for any one who injures a pigeon, is first fined, then imprisoned; so from the nooks and crannies of surrounding buildings, even from the wondrous façade of St. Mark's, they descend like snowflakes, to take food from childish hands; and often a shriek of ecstacy is heard as one swiftly stoops for the kernel of corn on a baby's lips.

FEEDING PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

Their meal over, they perch again on the domes of St. Mark's, they flutter undismayed about the granite column where St. Theodore stands on his crocodile, and they nestle close to the terrible winged lion who for ages has watched the rising and falling of the opal waves, thus adding by the grace of their continual flight another beauty to a spot which of all others needs it least.

PART II.

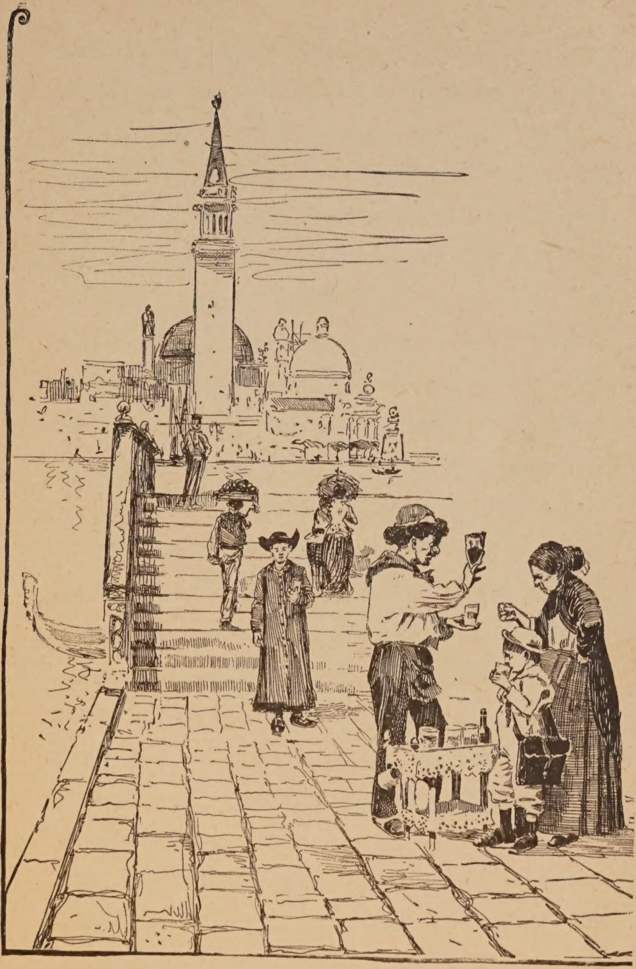
YET the Piazza, or great square of St. Mark's, is not the only open space in the city; though as if to give its noble architecture due honor, the others are called *campi*, or fields.

Churches are frequently situated upon these smaller squares, or *campi*, and in the Middle Ages were surrounded by vast conventual buildings. They vary in interest as in beauty.

One I remember for its soft green turf, the religious and heavenly loveliness of its Gothic church, and the mellow sunshine which, penetrating to the very heart of every block of marble, disclosed the rose and purple, the violet and orange, that centuries of exposure to the bitter air of the sea had rendered ordinarily invisible. Another was famous for a noble equestrian statue, another because Desdemona lived in a house on its corner, and a fourth, because tradition asserts that there Titian and Tintoretto among its crowd of beggars and idle loiterers looked for models.

Roaming aimlessly, we came unexpectedly one day upon Signor Antonio Rioba, who has been for generations the Venetian embodiment of practical joking. Signor Antonio is only a rough stone figure set in the wall of a provision shop, with a pack on his back, a staff in his hand, and a coarsely painted face. He is always surrounded by a crowd of laughing boys, who receive with shouts of derision any stranger, young apprentice, or green serving-man who has been directed to bring a parcel to the Signor. As there is a bell handle above the Signor's name, the glee of the boys is uncontrollable when the simpleton gravely pulls it. But Signor Antonio is memorable to us, because at his elbow we saw what I am positive is the ugliest *campo* in Venice. It is that of the Ghetto, or Jew's quarter. During the Middle Ages no Jews were permitted to live outside its limits, and while the law has long since fallen into disuse, it is still densely populated by the poorer class of Hebrews as, owing to its vile and unhealthy situation, rents are very low, and nobody interferes with the filth in which they delight. We went down some steep, narrow stairs to find ourselves in the middle of a small space, only partly paved with broken brick and completely walled in by tall houses in various stages of decay. A hideous wooden bridge crossed a slimy canal into just such another space, but filled with sellers of what, even in Venice, must be called rubbish.

The entire population of both squares appeared to be out of doors, but the nature of their employment determined the identity of the spot. All were picking geese, excepting a few of the boys who were dragging half-denuded specimens round by the legs, or throwing the disgusting web feet which had been cut off, at each other. As the fat of geese is indispensable in Jewish cookery, it was perhaps a necessity that this disagreeable condition of things should exist; but having no wish to endure it, we eagerly hailed a boat on the dirty crooked canal. Our perplexity as to the best way



ON THE RIVA.—A WATER VENDER.

out of the unpleasant mass, evidently delighted the staring urchins; and just when we thought we saw a safe path, one boy, whose laughing eyes indicated his comprehension of the situation, dropped the contents of a ragged apron which he wore over his greasy trousers, and turned a somersault in their midst, covering us from head to feet with the fluffy particles! The joke was against us, but he looked so impishly mischievous that we laughed with him, and threw him a couple of very small copper coins. He deserted his goose-dragging at once, and before we embarked was playing *mora* on the steps of the landing, with a youth as handsome and audacious as himself. Venetian boys and men as well, all play *mora*, the simplest, though I should judge by the emotion it excites, the most effective gambling game known to civilization. The players throw out two, three, or four fingers with the celerity of thought and if the opponent calls out the correct number the stakes are his.

Two or three times a week all Venice goes to the Lido, for the Lido is the seashore, to bathe. It is a long narrow strip of sand, stretching between the lagoon in which Venice is situated, and the Adriatic. Only half a mile wide, almost all strangers walk across for the seaward view; but Venetians frequent only the side nearest the city. Entire families, servants and cats included, pass the whole day there, taking bath after bath, gathering the scarlet poppies everywhere abundant, and looking for the brilliant shells which in their musical tongue they call, "flowers of the sea."

Steamers cross every half-hour from the Riva, but the fashionable way is to go in one's own hired gondola. Friends vie with each other in the beauty of their boats, the gay costume of their gondoliers, and the tasteful dress of the children and nurses. It is upon such pleasure trips that two gondoliers are employed. Only one is necessary; the second is purely an adjunct of luxury, a fitting accompaniment to the gilded chains, the exquisite carving and the polished steel beak of the excursion boat. Probably there are never any showers in Venice, for even the babies sit in the uncovered gondolas with bare heads, although the mothers sometimes wear a little lace veil, and the nurses always, a huge comb set around with gold, silver, or glass beads. It is a white day to the fishermen's children of the Lido when these visitors from Venice give them the fragments of their luncheon. They all are sallow, ragged and dirty, but they have large soft eyes, delicately cut lips, small feet and hands, a bewitching archness of manner, and how hungry they are! Their fathers, costumed as if for a picture, in wooden slippers having toes only, heavy brown stockings reaching to the knees, and high-colored wool caps, do not disdain to assist their families in disposing of the bounty of the stranger, and when there is nothing more to eat, gallantly escort their benefactors to the boats, mounting the delighted baby on the shoulders of the tallest.

Is Venice a little late in returning from the Lido? Then Venice will land at the Riva de Schiavoni, the stone quay nearest the Piazza of St. Mark. The glorious full moon may have arisen to shed its tender lustre over basilica, palace, and Campanile, and to diffuse over the noble square additional life and gayety. The hoary porphyry lions at the side of the church bear always a heavy freight of boys, who select the position as a convenient place to hear the band, and from whence to make frequent dashes at any innocent-looking victims who may give them a copper. Venetian ladies, who carry their parasols as much in the evening as in daytime, have a way of lowering them so they never see these importunate beggars. The trick looked easy, but as I tried it many times and never succeeded, I conclude it requires great art.

The street trades, which in this quarter sometimes languish by day, are after nightfall endowed with new vigor. You may have your boots blacked, or buy a flower for your buttonhole, grapes, melons, figs, tomatoes, shell necklaces and bracelets, a little picture of the Virgin, a small blue lobster or a large red crab. The last, if you are unsophisticated enough to eat it, will cause such thirst that no matter what opinion you hold as to its danger, you will buy a glass of the "*acqua*, *acqua fresca*," everywhere offered you for one centime. The boys who sell water are one of the most distinctive features of the place. You cannot rise so early, nor retire so late, that you will not hear their cry. Fortu-

AT A GATEWAY.

nately Venetian voices are low and pleasant, unlike those of Italians elsewhere.

The water of St. Mark's, considered the only wholesome water in Venice, is always offered you (no matter from whence it really comes) and is borne from place to place in a large leathern bottle strapped to the shoulders. In one hand is carried a low stand with openings for glasses and bottles of essences wherewith to flavor to please the customer. Anise seed appeared to be the favorite with the boys of whom we bought water, and a more insipid compound it would be difficult to imagine. The water boys earn between one and two francs a day, and have regular routes and stations.

Dwelling houses are usually supplied by women, who wear a peculiar uniform according to the locality from whence their water comes, and as they are in some sense under police surveillance, it may be possible to know what you are drinking. The women who obtain their supply from the wells in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace wear a short skirt, a black cotton velvet bodice with white linen sleeves, and a gay kerchief about the neck.

A Tyrolese hat of felt with a bunch of bright flowers completes the costume, for they are either quite barefooted, or their unstockinged feet are thrust into very slipshod sandals. Generally strong and slender of figure, they are often very handsome with blue-black hair, and piercing eyes, and in their picturesque dress are one of the prettiest sights of Venice. They carry two brass kettles on the ends of a flat piece of wood, curved like a bow, which is balanced from one shoulder, and in one hand hold a rope to lower the kettles into the well, and with the other they gracefully protect their skirts from damp. We never wearied of standing on the magnificent staircase of the Doge's Palace and looking down into the courtyard with its two marvellously wrought well-heads surmounted by brazen altars, where scores of boys and women came for their stock in trade. They dabbled and splashed in the most primitive fashion, dropping their cans, filling them to overflowing, then jerking them up only to spill their contents ; laughing and gesticulating all the time like the fauns and dryads of whom they reminded us.

A VENETIAN STREET COBBLER AND HIS APPRENTICES.

Wells however, though numerous, do not half supply the present city. Artesian wells add a vast number of gallons each day, and pipes of recent origin, laid across the railroad bridge from the mainland, are in constant use. One of the most difficult problems to solve, was how a city built as Venice is, could obtain water, but so satisfactorily did her founders dispose of it, that while she has often suffered for food when besieged, she never has been reduced to straits for water.

From the Doge's Palace through the busy street of the Merceria to the Rialto is a gay and cheerful walk. What a place for shopping is the Merceria! Beads from Murano, turquoise ornaments from the Orient, mosaics recalling Byzantium, gold chains of Venice, slender delicate goblets with serpents encircling their stems, winged lions for charms, rings which break your heart, with their "Remember Venice," all tempt you as you never were tempted before The Merceria brings us out at the Rialto, the island upon which ancient Venice was situated, and which has always been the centre of commerce as St. Mark's has of art. Shylock says:

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys.

In 1180 the first bridge connecting the island with the land on the right, was built, taking the place of the bridge of boats before used. The existing one was begun in 1588, and the Venetian ambassador entertained Queen Elizabeth with a lively description of its splendors. At present its footway is lined with shops and its parapet is the favorite spot to sell coarse felt hats. At its steps all sorts of boats discharge all sorts of cargoes — cabbages, squashes, cucumbers, onions, beans, crimson gourds, and scarlet fish baskets with silver and gold fish wrapped in green leaves. But the painted sails of the fishing boats are most dazzling to our Northern eyes, for they are orange and purple, scarlet and blue Everybody clamors at the top of the voice, everybody tries to drive a sharp bargain ; and you marvel how in the deafening roar the curious statue of a hunchback, Il Gobbo di Rialto, retains his composure. He gazes thoughtfully upon the crowd, patiently bearing on his shoulders the

THE BEAD-STRINGERS OF VENICE.

stone platform from whence the laws of the Republic were once proclaimed.

The Rialto bridge is as much common property as is the square of St. Mark's. Boys dive from its railing, clamber out of the water, only to dive again, and scruple not to walk on their sunburned toes, directly across stout swarthy fishermen asleep in the shade. The streets are very dark in the Rialto neighborhood, and all goods are brought out of doors for examination, and while you see much artistic work you wonder at it, so clumsy are the tools and handled in the most inconvenient and awkward manner. Once watching a cobbler who presumably was teaching his apprentices to last a shoe, we were amazed to see him hurl the wooden form at one of the grinning boys. The cobbler's dialect was outside our learning, but we gathered from our gondolier that the boy had a brother who was a priest, and that the master, an old Garibaldian, thought little of the clergy. Rowing to the doorway we saw the shrine of the Blessed Virgin was empty, and that a rough print of Victor Emanuel covered the carved head of a stone saint, and concluded he might be that cobbler who, when Venice celebrated her reunion with Italy, being too poor to buy a flag, suspended before his door great strips of red, white and green paper, writing on the white, "*We will die for Italy!*"

But if the Rialto is the entrance to many crooked canals, to many mean houses and shops only interesting because they show how the very poor may live, it conducts as well to many a stately waterway, where are lovely entrance gates, on whose steps are now crouching exulting bathers instead of the liveried menials who once obsequiously awaited the arrival of their haughty lords. The beauty of many of these gates is beyond words. The delicate vines which soften the rough outline of the aged arches, the surmounting vases, the Gothic windows, even the glowing crabs which cling like weather-beaten mariners to the blackened and wave-washed steps, all imperatively demand the vivid colors of Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Canaletto.

We may perhaps say of the crabs that they are so abundant they are the cheapest food in Venice, enough being sold for a cent to afford the hungriest child a dinner. Indeed the aristocratic cats who haunt the water entrances, scorn them, partaking instead of such unnatural diet as corn, grapes, and watermelons. From the earliest time these large handsome cats have held the place in the affections of Venetians, usually given to dogs. Consequently they are not timid, shy, as in other cities; but gaze with great interest on the life of the street, and walk statelily along after children of high and low degree. Probably they owe their extraordinary beauty to the Persians and Angoras brought home by the voyaging shipmasters of whom Marco Polo tells, and at any rate their dignity and gravity accord well with the traditions of a seafaring race. They are much prized by the sacristans and vergers, and at the glass factories of Murano every room pointed proudly to its especial pet. Often when the factory boat comes from the island with its freight of beads to be strung by women and little girls, a fine-haired, glossy and plump kitten will choose that way to see a little of the world. Watching the curious intentness with which he looked at the unlading of the hampers, we fancied he possessed the secret of the first fugitives who brought to these sea-girt sands the mysterious art of making glass. Instead of solitary and individual labor, hundreds of persons are now employed in the different departments of the art, and instead of the shoemaking, and sewing of custom clothing, familiar to us, many families eke out their only too certain income by stringing the beads whose manufacture is eagerly investigated by every tourist. Stringing beads tries eyes and wears nerves; but in Venice, as everywhere, if the poor would eat they must work. Only during the Carnival season does the ease-loving southern temperament rebel. Then, no matter how large are the orders waiting to be filled, the head stringers will not touch a bead.

Ah, happy bead-stringers of Venice, you may be cold, hungry, and tired, but you will never see, vanishing from your receding gaze, the grace and the glory of Venice! For Venice is an enchantress; Venice is the goblet of Scandinavian story, in which the loveliness of the universe is mirrored.

THE VICARAGE.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

AT one end of a garden in the West of England, stands a many-roomed rambling vicarage. It is covered with creepers. Myrtles as thick as ivy grow over the gables, while pomegranates, magnolias and camellias flourish in the garden. Such flowers and plants love the warm, soft atmosphere, and everybody can see them; but the most precious things in the garden are hidden, and only those who see the garden no more, know where they lie. Old memories cling to every tree, every path, every stone and corner of this Home of the past. Memories that make those who know, think of the garden much as Adam and Eve must have thought and longed for their lost Eden.

In the days that are no more, even the passers-by, the sojourners of a day, were struck by its beauty and its peace. Those who were once children there, remember seeing a white-haired clergyman come out of the house one afternoon, and as he walked down the path, they paused in their play, for they knew that this visitor was the holy Mr. Keble, who had written the hymn they said every night:

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

He also paused and smiled, then reverently took off his hat, and said in a low voice:

"Children and flowers."

He seemed doubly pleased when the little ones took a short cut, and were ready to hold the meadow-gate open for him.

This garden was the Children's Kingdom, and here they reigned supreme, with the exception of one hour on Sunday, when the Holy Sacrament was being celebrated, which they were learning about in the Catechism. The vicarage was so near the church, that their mother feared the eager voices might be heard, and with secret awe, the children remained quietly in the house.

The flower garden was a flat piece of ground. Two long terraces crossed each other at right angles, with white vases at the corners. The middle walls led from a deep porch with oak pillars, round a large clump of shrubs, and then down a slope, where the grass was kept like velvet, to a white bridge. This spanned what in Devonshire is called a "goyle," through which a cheerful stream tumbled and bubbled; some of the big stones baying back the water into dark, silent pools, where the trout lay on hot summer days. From the bridge, the path crossed the meadow to the church.

Two kitchen gardens with their espaliers and groves of raspberries, and an adjoining orchard, made first-rate places for hide-and-seek. On one side of this happy garden was a small seacoast town, and on the other the woods and grounds of the kind Squire, who gave the children leave to wander where they liked. Primrose, mushroom, acorn and nut-pickings are all splendid things at the right time; but the beach with its long, gray waves, fringed with white foam, was generally their favorite walk. Here they could dig for unknown treasures. Here they might find gold or jewels tossed up from wrecks, and waifs and strays from tropical shores. Nothing seemed impossible. Perseveringly and hopefully they toiled, though shells and sea-weeds were their only harvest.

Among the many memories gathered in the home just described, some incidents occurred in the winter of 1855, that left a lasting impression upon the minds of these children.

It had been a very cold winter. Even in the West of England, the snow fell heavily, and the ponds froze hard enough for skating. But the cold was little thought of, compared to the sympathy felt for the sufferings of the allied armies in the Sebastopol trenches. The younger members of a family are soon infected with the enthusiasm of the elders, and the discussions of politics and Crimean War news down-stairs, were warmly echoed in the nursery and schoolroom. The children were also able to turn their interest to good account, by helping to roll bandages and making lint for the wounded. Great bales of old linen went off from Combehaven, and on an appointed day a constant run of people of all ages and ranks, came and went at the Public Rooms with their various offerings. What a medley those bales were! The finest lawn sheets and coarse aprons and shirts, old dresses and the children's new big doll's trousseaux, with the seams cut out, all went together to fulfil the work of love.

The winter was nearly over. The children thought they had said good-by to snow-balls, and were looking out for catkins. It was eight o'clock on the evening of the seventh of February, and they were sitting round a table, with their drawing and needlework, while their mother read aloud to them Shakespeare's play of the Merchant of Venice.

The younger ones could no more remember when they first heard Shakespeare read, than they could the time when they began to eat bread and butter. This evening there was a dispute over the Casket scene. Clara did not like Portia's picture being found in the leaden casket. She thought the silver casket would have been so much prettier.

But Janet explained that it was sure to have been in the leaden casket, because it was the ugly duckling who became the swan, and it was always the third brother who won the princess.

In the middle of the argument the vicar and his three curates came in tired out, after a parish meeting, and declaring that it was cold enough for snow.

Baby was fretful with her teeth, and woke up Clara in the night, and though nurse and baby were soon asleep again, not so the little girl. Very softly she crept out of bed, and over to the window. A white garden lay under the moon. Raindrops glittered on the panes, but the clouds were disappearing beyond the woods. Across the snow came the sound of the church clock striking four. A branch of banksia-rose tapped against the window, and shivering she stole back to her warm little bed, next the baby's bassinette. In a few minutes the nursery was stillness itself; and without — snowy nights are always still.

The following morning four basins of bread and milk were on the breakfast table, and the sun, too bright to last, shone on the silver and china. The mother presided over the party, and checked the hum of voices, that might disturb her husband, as he waded through a pile of letters and papers. The door burst open, and in came the brown-headed darling of the house, little Harry, regardless of ruri-decanal business, shouting:

"A donkey has been in my garden!"

"How can that be!" exclaimed his father, going to the window and putting up his gold eyeglasses.

All down the long path, hoof-marks in the snow were visible.

"Did John see the donkey, Harry?"

"No, he jumped over the garden wall."

"My dear boy, the wall is a great deal too high for a donkey to jump."

"He did, father, I saw his hoofs."

The door opened again, and one of the curates was announced, apologizing for his early call.

"I have come to tell the vicar of a most extraordinary occurrence. An utterly unknown animal has been passing through the town during the night."

"Do you mean the donkey that has invaded our garden?" asked the vicar.

"It is impossible for it to be a donkey," answered the young curate. "A donkey could not have been over the whole town in one night, into every court, every alley, and even," he added, lowering his voice mysteriously, "on the roofs of several houses."

"My dear Hayes, what romance have you got up now?"

"It is no romance, I assure you, sir. Will you come out and see for yourself?"

"May I finish my breakfast in peace first?" asked the vicar, smiling.

Mr. Hayes turned to the ladies, and told them that the whole population was out on the track of this animal, that nothing seemed to have impeded its progress, for the marks came up to high walls, and appeared on the other side, as if it had given a prodigious leap.

"That is just what Harry says of the marks in the garden," said Miss Chapman the governess.

Breakfast being ended, the seniors of the party, including Maude, the eldest girl, proceeded to the garden, while the children watched them from the deep window-seats in the nursery. They were soon joined by one of the church-wardens and two other men, who walked up the path, carefully keeping on one side of the footprints. The snow was crisp with a morning frost. In the meantime several maids had been in and out of the nursery, each with a fresh surmise to tell nurse. The butcher's boy said that it was a kangaroo, escaped from a travelling menagerie; and by the time the laundress came the kangaroo had grown into a tiger. This raised a panic in the nursery, in the midst of which the door was thrown wide open, and in stalked little Harry.

"It's a ghost," he said in a conclusively matter-of-fact tone.

"Nonsense, Master Harry! you are not to say such things to the young ladies." And nurse poked the fire violently, her usual plan for changing the conversation. On this occasion the poker had no effect, the interest was irrepressible.

"Who said it was a ghost?" asked Janet.

"O, father or Mr. Jones."

"You know quite well, sir, that master never said nothing of the sort," maintained nurse.

"Well, then it was Mr. Jones, and he says it must be a ghost, because it comes straight from the churchyard to our door."

"There's no such thing as ghosts," said nurse.

"Yes, there are!" exclaimed Janet, "there's Banquo's ghost."

The children laughed merrily when nurse answered:

"I never heard of no such gentleman in Combehaven. And now, young ladies, you ought to go to your lessons."

"Miss Chapman is out in the garden with Maude and Mr. Hayes," said Harry, still superior in his information.

"Always about with somebody," muttered nurse, who with her thousand good qualities, was profoundly jealous of the governess.

At this moment their mother's step was heard, and the children rushed to open the door for her. To their astonishment, they found that she also was puzzled. Up to this time they believed that their parents knew everything, that they could make plain every question in their minds; and it was truly bewildering to find that their mother could not at once tell them what the animal was.

Before they had time to tell her all the foolish things they had heard, Miss Chapman was calling Janet and Clara in her most decisive manner, which made them run off at once. Clara had only just begun lessons in the schoolroom, and found great difficulty in remembering what she ought not to forget, but to-day she had to begin to learn the much more difficult task of trying to forget what she ought not to remember. In fact, these footprints sent Clara's French verb into a hopeless condition. In vain Miss Chapman's voice urged her on with "*j'etait*, I was, *tu etait*, thou wast." It sounded to her like the jar of a distant bell; and it certainly was trying for Miss Chapman in her turn to find that instead of getting up a fresh spurt, Clara answered her with a question as to whether kangaroos always hopped, or whether they sometimes walked.

Luncheon was no help at all. The presence of a gentleman, who had come to consult their father on business, awed the children into silence. When the footmarks were mentioned, it was only in a discussion as to the various lengths of hoofs, and a disquieting remark that they could not be those of a donkey, as they were traceable under the espaliers.

Clara was thankful to hear that the beach was their destination, when her mother asked where the schoolroom party were going to walk. The houses on the way thither would be chances of refuge, should they meet the kangaroos, or still, worse, the tiger. In broad daylight, at a prosaic luncheon table, the ghost had a very faint existence, but the idea of a wild beast lurking behind some snowy hedge, ready to pounce out upon governesses and children, had assumed an alarming reality.

All through the little town, notwithstanding the passing of many wheels and feet, the prints in the snow were everywhere, and Clara felt as if she could hardly drag one foot after the other. How she longed to be walking towards home instead of away from it. Several people they met were open-mouthed with fresh ideas, and when one lady suggested a kangaroo to Miss Chapman, she was promptly reminded that a kangaroo has claws and not hoofs.

Till now it had been some comfort to Clara to think that a kangaroo was harmless, however horrid it might be hopping over a hedge close by; and not daring to ease her mind by consulting Miss Chapman as to a tiger's feet, she now decided that if it was not a kangaroo, it must be a tiger.

The walk was accomplished without any wild-beast encounters, and still Clara could not find an opportunity of pouring out her troubles to her mother. Lessons filled up the rest of the afternoon until tea time, and in the evening several friends were added to the home party.

Mrs. Hamilton, a dear old lady of eighty, who lived in a cottage full of pictures and rare old china, on the opposite side of the road from the vicarage, came first, then Mr. Norton and Mr. Danby, two of the curates, and Mr. Danby's pupil, a very black Prince, who had come to England to finish his education. This Prince made a great pet of Clara, and sitting on his knee, examining the gold embroidery of his waistcoat and the jewelled buttons that fastened it, her attention was diverted from the footprints. Besides which he was teaching her some French sentences, and his tight black curls, and the lighter color of the skin between his fingers, were a source of never-failing interest to her.

He was always happy with children, for the semi-awe inspired by the novelty of his dark skin made them ready to do what he liked. In a general way, the difficulty of getting through life, without being thwarted, was a formidable barrier to his contentment. Though he was a Prince of twenty-three years of age, he frequently behaved in the same unreasonable and naughty manner, that foolish children of six or seven occasionally indulge in. He would thump his head on the floor, and roar, when things went "contrary." He sulked for several hours because he could only drive in "wan leetle machine," to pay a call in the neighborhood, instead of the equipage and state he considered his due; and once when it rained, and a cricket match was put off, he rushed up and down the room, and butted his tutor with all his might. After these rages he would be very penitent, and the day following the butting episode, Mr. Danby found a hard black ball on his study-table. It was some minutes before he discovered that it was a peace-offering. A lock of the Prince's hair. Not a lock, but many curls, rolled up tight together, until it was almost a solid mass.

Before he left England, he attained to a great increase of self-control, though he did not live long to practise the good he got from his kind tutor; for soon after he returned to his own country, a mob rushed into his palace during some tumult. He was dragged out to a neighboring hill, and beheaded, without trial or chance of defence.

On the special evening after the discovery of the footprints, the Prince was a great comfort to Clara, as he quite distracted her attention for the time.

Bedtime came all too soon, and with it her terrors. The wind sounded like a wild beast roaring past the windows, and howling in the chimney; and being a very foolish little girl, each gust worked her into a greater fever.

The two nurseries were connected by a door, which was always left open after the children had gone to bed, and nurse sat in the outer room at work. Her needle-clicks, and two streaks of light that came into the darkness, the big streak through the door, and the little one through the hinges, were Clara's great consolation.

Jane, the nurserymaid, came into the nursery, and told nurse that supper was ready. She seemed excited, and her voice rose above a whisper, so that Clara heard her words :

" Mr. Ball says that people do say that something came up these very stairs, nurse, last night, and knocked at the door."

Nurse's answer was in a whisper, as she left the room, and Clara shivered so much that she could hardly tell whether Jane went at the same time. She tried to listen, but the wind came thumping and tearing at the window again, and when it subsided, no comforting thimble-and-needle clicks came from the day nursery.

Bottling up thoughts often makes people very unreasonable, and it had chanced that there had not been a single opportunity for a confession of Clara's fears to her father or mother all day.

Listening, shivering, gasping with holding her breath, she hid herself under the clothes, and jumped up again by turns, when she heard a step on the stairs. Yes! It was coming nearer, the boards creaked, the handle turned — a sound in the outer room — and then — by the rustle of a silk dress, Clara knew that her mother was in the day-nursery.

A sob caught her ear, and she was by Clara's bed in a moment.

"My darling, what is it? You are as cold as ice." And wrapping the child in her little dressing-gown, she carried her to the fire in the outer room. Sobs and gasps had taken such hold of Clara, that she could not speak; but nestling in her mother's arms, she felt as if she knew everything, and the kangaroo, the tiger, and the terrible Something, all vanished at once.

"My little Clara has been frightened, and she forgot that God was taking care of her."

Then she told her mother all about it.

"It is very wrong of people to say such foolish things. Only ignorant people like Mr. Ball, or Jane, would believe or suggest such folly."

"But, mother, there are ghosts, aren't there?"

"St. Paul says that we are in the midst of a cloud of unseen witnesses, but he says unseen. Evil spirits come to us in the form of temptations, and if we fight against our temptations, all terrors will fly away."

"Then, mother, is it a tiger?"

"Now just think for one minute. If a tiger had been prowling about in the snow, do you suppose he would have left all your father's sheep unhurt? An animal that would not attack sheep and lambs, would not be likely to injure human beings."

This was a new light to Clara. Still she wanted more explanation, and this her mother could not give her.

"The uncertainty interests your father and me, but it does not frighten us. There are many things in the world that are thought about and waited for a long time, before anybody understands what they mean. God wishes it to be so. He wishes us to trust Him, and at the same time to use the reason He gives us, in trying to find out the meaning of His wonderful works."

And so with some of the thousand lullabies of life, the mother consoled the poor frightened little girl. Then nurse came back, and her mother tucked her into bed again, and told her to go to sleep as fast as she could, and remember that the angels were watching around.

The story of the footprints speedily got into the newspapers. There were pictures and plans of their course in the *Illustrated London News*, and many articles and speculations on the subject. The vicar was persecuted with letters from all parts of England. Chamois, green plover, otter, were suggested as animals and birds, which might have been roving and left some mark. The otter opened a new field, and one that Mr. Norton thought might have something in it. In some of the marks, after careful inspection, he thought he discovered the impression of claws; but that the claws should be in what was apparently the frog of the strange animal's hoof, made a fresh perplexity.

So the world and the wise men puzzled on, and suggested and argued, and doubted and contradicted, until the war took away the object of their discussions, except in some shady nooks. The nine-days'-wonder was dying away among the greater interests of Crimean war news.

A sunny day brought a great treat for the children. Harry and Clara were to go for a walk with their father. He had so little time to spare, that it was quite a red-letter day event. Even now the walk was on duty, as he had to visit a sick person at the Squire's home farm.

They went by a path that skirted the park, where the earliest primroses were sure to peep. Though it was Clara's first country walk, since her panic of hopping kangaroos, and lurking tigers, she felt no fear, as with her hand in her father's, she listened to the birds' songs as old as the world, of love and sunshine.

Mr. Culvert, the farmer, greeted the vicar warmly, and Harry and Clara amused themselves with feeding the ducks, and watching them turn head over heels in the water. When the visit to the sick servant was over, Mr. Culvert invited the children into the parlour to have some bread and cream.

"Well, sir," said Culvert, "I suppose you know what all these footprints mean?"

"What is your explanation? Nobody seems able to give the animal a right name."

"I can give it to your honour. 'Tis a cat."

"Well, give us your reasons, Culvert."

"Why, 'tis just this, sir. I went out on the Tuesday night to see after the ewes. There had been a shimmer of snow, which stopped afore I came outside. Missus' cat came out along with me, and she prowled 'fore just the way I was going, which was to say, past the hayricks. She bided there to have a look to the mice, and I went on to the highway. Well, you see, sir, when I was come out again, it was raining, but it stopped afore I ever got home, and the moon was shining that light, that I noticed that round where the cat had trod, the rain had washed away a bit of the snow, and among my footsteps there sure enough were the hoof marks. In the morning I bended my knees, and looked close, and I could see a mark like the cat's claws in the lump of snow in the middle, and the hoof marks turned away from mine, when they came to the ricks. I could show them to you now, as the lea side of the ricks is shady."

"Why did you not come and have a chat with me before, Culvert? You would have saved me from writing a pile of letters. I have had inquiries from all parts of England."

"I did think of it, sir. Only I reckoned you knew the rights of it as well as me, when you did not preach about it, as I hear some parsons have been doing."

The vicar smiled. "More harm than good is often done by noticing the superstitious imaginations of some people, and the mere fact of showing disapprobation is more than they are worth."

The children hastened home to tell their mother the news. And Mr. Danby coming in with the Prince said, "This proves Norton's theory of the claws. The position of the marks is just the way in which a cat places its feet in walking."

"And of course a cat could climb a high wall, by the help of fruit trees and ivy, and everybody's cat walked on everybody's roof, which explains all that is mysterious," said the mother laughing.

"It was a remarkable occurrence in the weather, for the rain must have been slight, and the snow was seized by a frost immediately afterwards," said the vicar. "Culvert thought the shower fell at three o'clock. That accounts for the untrodden appearance of the snow, saving the footprints, and the cats had it all to themselves."

"I know the rain had stopped at four o'clock, father," said Clara.

"You knew it, did you, Miss Puss? Were you out with the cats as well?"

Everybody looked at Clara, and she looked in dismay at her mother, who beckoned to her.

"I was looking out of window, mother, when the clock struck, because I was tired of Baby's crying herself to sleep."

Everybody laughed when the Prince said,

"Mees Clara had de bag all de dime, and now she do led de cad jomp."

The Prince, proud of his English, always squeezed in a joke when he could remember one.

But the footsteps in the snow were no joke to Clara. They had been the cause of far too serious a lesson to be regarded in anything but a serious light. A lesson that lasted far beyond the footprints, and that struck at the root of foolish daily terrors of being alone, and nightly shiverings in the dark, and helped her through many of the fears and trials of older life.

SOME OF THE LOOKERS-ON.

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE RUE PETIT JEAN.

THE French Fourth of July is July fourteenth; the French Declaration of Independence dating from the destruction of the Bastile.

The Bastile, as many of you know, was that famous prison in Paris which to the French people was the symbol of the grievous wrongs of many centuries. Here people were often confined without knowing of what they were accused, or whom were their accusers. Often they were simply forgotten and lived and died there. French history is filled with stories of the Bastile. Many of you have doubtless read of Pelisson and his spider, that story of patient endurance. When the Bastile was captured by the people during the French Revolution, and its doors were opened, men who were imprisoned young came forth old; they had been long supposed to be dead, and their friends were gone and scattered.

It is not surprising that the people believed that their liberties could not be safe until the Bastile was destroyed, and that they razed it to the ground. The stones were afterward consecrated to the beautiful service of the Pont de la Concorde, one of the most noted bridges of the Seine. The site of the Bastile is now marked by the lofty Column of July on whose summit stands the gilded figure of Liberty, bearing a torch in one hand and in the other a broken chain.

It is not strange that the French Republic has selected the memorable day of the taking of the Bastile for its National Fête. But you will be surprised to know that they do not celebrate it with cannon, fire crackers, and toy revolvers. It is a fête of beauty not of noise; and at the risk of seeming very unpatriotic I think the French have a much more fitting way of celebrating their freedom. By day Paris is alive with the tremulous color of floating flag. By night the city is ablaze with light. The Seine gleams like a rainbow-hued ribbon with the reflections from the bridges, the little boats leaving trails of light behind them, and yellow lanterns that hang like great golden oranges from the trees on its banks. The palace and gardens of the Tracodero rise out of the darkness like a scene of enchantment from the *Arabian Nights*. From the Champ de Mars opposite, hundreds of thousands of people are gathered to see it, and to enjoy the magnificent fireworks, the castles and fountains and gardens — golden visions, that gleam for a moment and pass away.

But the most interesting part of the fête is that of the children to whom the afternoon belongs. The different arrondissements, or as we would say, the different wards, each arranges its own programme, which usually consists of games and prizes. The Rue Petit Jean is a little street running out of the Boulevard de Clichy, and bumps its head so to speak, against a white stone where stands a small shrine. Probably suggested by the shrine, the Committee has placed the bust of Liberty on a pedestal in front and surrounded it with the tricolor. The Committee is chiefly a tall thin man with a very red face which gets redder and redder through chasing the half-grown boys, who, of whatever nation, have a fashion of becoming too prominent for the committee-men on such exciting occasions.

Midway down the street stands a tall pole in the middle of a ring of sawdust. At the top is a great cedar wreath, and from this hang boxes of chocolate, Bologna sausages done up in silver paper, a long "flute" of bread, a doll, cases of pencils, a gleaming pocket-knife. At the foot is a group of eager-eyed children waiting none too patiently for the fun to begin; and outside their mothers in white caps and as eager as the children.

The pole is called the *Mât de Cocagne;* in other words, the Cockney Mast. It has been well oiled, and the trophies above are for those who can get them.

Everything in France proceeds according to routine. The boys who are to take part, have long since been enrolled, and the committee is waving the paper with authority. Each boy steps forth as his name is called, and a pair of scissors on a white

SUCCESS.

string is hung around his neck as solemnly as if he were being invested with the Order of the Golden Fleece. For a long time the scissors are not needed. Finally the tiniest boy of all mounts higher and higher, the children shout, the women set up a tremendous cackle, and the white caps nod. He is almost in reach. He slips back. He gains again. His little face is purple with effort. The crowd gets more and more excited. The air is rent with ejaculations. He is slowly losing ground. Then relaxing his hold he slides swiftly down, the multitude with one groan coming down, as it were, with him.

Finally a large boy reaches the top amid great shouts and cuts off the longest sausage. The other boys evidently believe there is some virtue in his coat, and he good-naturedly lends it to each new aspirant. Others fill their pockets with sawdust which they scatter on their legs on the journey upward to give them better purchase.

At last the time is up and the crowd changes its place in front of the bust of Liberty where the *Jeu de Bougies* is to take place. This is the trial of the little girls who are all becurled and clean-pinafored for the occasion. Parallel lines of benches on which the mothers sit, mark off a course which ends at a table covered with little petticoats, aprons, collars and cuffs, ribbons and laces. The girls are arranged according to their ages, the little ones coming first. Into each little tot's hand a lighted candle is placed. At the signal they start and run; and the first one at the goal with her candle still lighted is the winner. Away they go toddling over the stones. The timid ones stop to try and shield their lights, and the bolder ones dash away, their candles apparently out, but when they stop, red-faced and breathless, before the committee now behind the table, the light flares up as if it too had been playing a little game. It is a pretty sport, and the pile of prizes on the table rapidly grows less.

For the larger girls there is still the *Jeu de Ciseaux* in which the prizes are more improving. A string is tied across the narrow street. A foot apart hang other strings attached to this, to each of which is tied, work baskets, fans, sewing-boxes, silk aprons and pieces of humble finery. The girls are blindfolded, one by one, and given a pair of scissors. They walk slowly and with meditative tread toward the rope, and holding out the scissors endeavor to cut one of the threads. If they succeed the prize which it holds is theirs. If they fail they contribute to the hilarious merriment of the occasion.

It is pleasant to see how good-natured everybody is and how well the unfortunates take their defeat. One thing is especially to be observed. There are no tubs of lemonade, bushels of cake, and pounds of candy distributed, such as make so important part of a Fourth of July celebration in this country. The hungry children run to their mothers who have ambushed in their pockets a *petit pain* or as a great treat, a *brioche*, which is softer and sweeter than the dry roll. But the children seem just as happy as young Americans, and perhaps on the next day are even happier.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

AN impressive though simple ceremony was performed in Westminster Abbey on the first of March, 1884, and I wish to take my American friends with me in imagination, as I give a short account of it.

The sun shone out with unusual brightness on that now historic morning. It was pronounced a fine day even by the Americans who made a part of the company which found its way to the Abbey where their great singer was to be buried. We shall take the liberty of joining the small group composed principally of the relatives of Mr. Longfellow. Our tickets invite us to the famed Jerusalem Chamber, where the preliminary ceremonies are to occur — a low building of a single story which impinges upon the west front of the Abbey. Half an hour later, the poet's portrait-bust is to be unveiled in the South Transept, usually known as Poets' Corner.

Making our way through the Dean's Yard, we pass by a low doorway, and along devious passages — devious at least to our unaccustomed feet —into the celebrated place. What visions of the past rise before us as we are ushered into the tapestried apartment! At the long and somewhat narrow table that runs down the middle, now usurped by reporters, the learned divines who lately revised the New Testament sat and worked many tedious days. Venerable even in the far-away Dark Ages, how many scenes of ecclesiastical policy has the room witnessed! Nearly five hundred years ago, too, it was the scene of the death of King Henry the Fourth as made immortal by Shakespeare. In this room it was that the prince, his son, tried on the crown which his father had laid at his bed's head. Here it was also that in June, 1719, the body of the gentle essayist, Addison, lay in state.

Though we are among the first to enter, we soon find our memories of the past interrupted by the increasing company of those privileged to participate in these private exercises, and now the room is so full that some are obliged to stand for want of seats. The two daughters of the poet are taken to places of honor at the front, where Earl Granville and other notables are presented to them. While the little audience is gathering, we look about us and notice Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, Mr. Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Miss Mackintosh, a London niece of the poet, Sir Theodore Martin and others whose fame has probably crossed the sea. The Dean of the Abbey is not present, having been called away by bereavement, and as the hour of noon arrives, Mr. Bennoch, Honorary Treasurer of the memorial fund, rises and moves that the chair be taken by the Sub-Dean, Canon Prothero. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. Bennett, reports briefly what has been done since the last previous meeting of the Executive Committee, and reads letters from Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Derby, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and others regretting their inability to be present. This necessary, but not very entertaining work being accomplished, Mr. Bennet then calls upon Earl Granville formally to commit to the care of the custodians of "that ancient and historical Abbey, the bust, a memorial raised by the contributions of the English people," and expressed a hope that the representative "of the mighty offshoot of our islands," whom he said he rejoiced to see present on the occasion, might see "in the presence of his friend in our Poets' Corner how dearly we cherish the thought of the unity of the two great communities of our race." These cordial sentiments of international good feeling were greeted with cheers.

Earl Granville, a nice-looking gentleman who dropped the final g's from his words in a way that might surprise our American cousins not accustomed to the fashionable style of English speech, now became the centre of attraction. Of course, he began by saying that he was not prepared to make a speech, though he frankly acknowledged that the richest materials for a speech were not wanting. His lack of preparation did not hinder him from continuing for some time, nor from being really interesting in his remarks. He dilated upon the high character, the refinement and the personal charm of the illustrious American whom he had come to honor, and upon the traits which had achieved for his writings a popularity no greater in America than in England and its dependencies. He was greeted with cheers when he referred to the international relations of a moral and intellectual nature which, he said, form bonds growing greater and stronger every day between the intellectual and cultivated classes of the two great countries. Then he complimented Mr. Lowell, as one infinitely better fitted than he to treat these important topics — as one not only the official representative of the United States, but as being in a position to speak with more authority than any one else upon the literary and intellectual progress of his country. Earl Granville expressed also his pleasure that he had himself been present at the meetings inaugurating the work in the completion of which he was now permitted to participate, and called upon the Sub-Dean to accept the bust for the authorities of the Abbey.

I cannot report the charming speech that Mr. Lowell then delivered in the inimitable style that has fortunately become so familiar in England, but it was very grateful to the daughters of the poet as well as to all who cherished his memory. The Sub-Dean then accepted the memorial, and Mr. Childers, who had spent several years in America and had known the poet there, followed with a little speech, in which he reiterated the desire of Mr. Lowell, that the Abbey might become the Valhalla of the English-speaking race. He then moved a vote of thanks to the Honorary Secretary, which Mr. Bennet properly acknowledged.

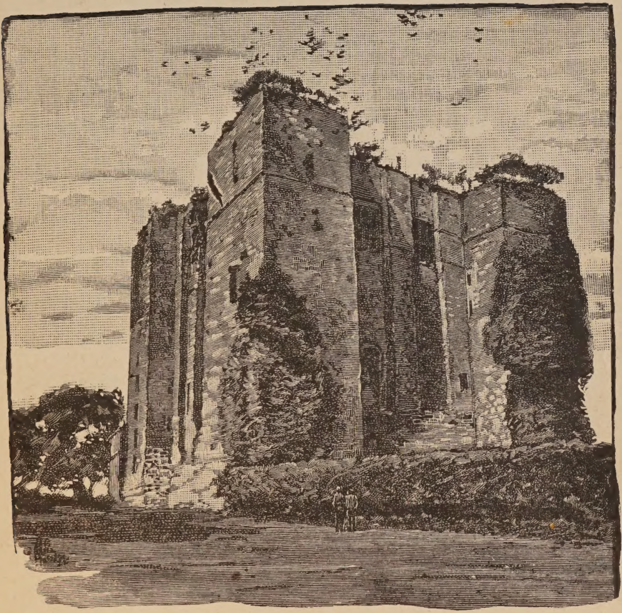
We follow the group as it proceeds to the South Transept. Mr. Bennoch offers Miss Longfellow his arm, and all walk into the south aisle through a door just under the little gallery entered from the Deanery, in which Her Majesty has sometimes had her seat when quietly witnessing services which she wished not to be recognized as attending, as in the case of the obsequies of Lady Stanley. As Poets' Corner is approached, the crowd becomes so dense that progress is quite difficult.

The Abbey certainly never appeared so bright as to-day. As we enter Poets' Corner, we look directly into the chapel of St. Benet. Just there stands the prominent monument to Dryden. At the right is a great pillar, next to the tall urn which commemorates Cowley, on one side of which is the monument to Chaucer. To the left of Cowley's urn, attached to the great pillar at the corner, the bust of Mr. Longfellow (now covered with a cloth) is fixed in the very position that a friend would have chosen for it. As we approach, Canon Prothero mounts some steps prepared for the purpose, and stands at the side of the bust. When the buzz of conversation ceases, he pronounces a few eloquent words of eulogium, says that to-day we are adding another name to the list of the illustrious dead, goes back to the time, a hundred years ago, when America was just emerging from the war of Independence, and shows how the progress of time has brought about a feeling of brotherhood between the nations then alien, and asks that nothing may ever sever those united by eternal ties of language, race, religion, and common feeling.

As the last words fall from his lips, the Canon removes the cloth from the bust. A murmur of satisfaction and the words "a noble thing," greet our ears as the crowd that has been eagerly waiting sees the pure and life-like creation of the sculptor. Though the exercises are thus informally ended, the people do not disperse. Lovingly they linger to gaze at the new ornament of the wonderful Abbey, and a few are fortunate enough to be presented to the daughters of the poet.

On the pedestal we read the simple word: LONGFELLOW. On the bracket is the legend, composed by Dean Bradley: "*This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet*, 1883." On one side of the bust are the words, "*Born at Portland, U. S. A., Feb.* 27, 1807; on the other, "*Died at Cambridge, U. S. A., March* 24, 1882.

Some critics think that this bust is the finest in the Abbey, and if their opinion be true, it is a fact upon which the American admirers of the poet, no less than those who wish to cultivate international friendship, have a right to be proud. Mr. Brock, the sculptor, had only photographs to guide him, but he has succeeded in making a representation of the poet which is surely an admirable likeness of him as he appeared in his strength, with all his intelligence and kindliness. It shows a man such as Mr. Lowell described when he declared Mr. Longfellow's nature to be "consecrated ground into which nothing unclean could enter."



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

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THE JACKDAWS OF KENILWORTH.

THIS was how it happened:

I was sketching one day in Kenilworth Castle. I had worked hard for several hours, sitting in a quiet corner of the mournful old ruins — mournful even on a blazing day in early summer. My subject was a beautiful arch — a great high arch with graceful mouldings running round it of the warm pink sandstone that the Castle is built of. Through the arch there was a pointed window with a great trail of ivy tumbling down one side of it, and spreading little tendrils over the traceries. Through the window, I looked out on gently rolling country, on grass fields and elm-trees and distant woodlands that faded into a soft blue haze in the west.

On the broken wall above the arch grew red snapdragons, and rich brown wall-flowers; and a little wild rosebush had rooted itself in the scanty earth between the crumbling stones. And in and out of innumerable holes among the ivy on the walls, flew many Jackdaws with gray heads and glossy black bodies and sharp knowing eyes. When I first settled myself in my corner, I heard a good deal of chattering going on in the holes; my presence evidently caused some annoyance to their occupants.

"The Jackdaws have young ones there," I thought. But soon they discovered I was too intent on my business to trouble them, and they went on with theirs; flying in and out all day, bringing dainty morsels to their fledgelings — giving them much good and useful advice — and gossipping prodigiously among themselves; for Jackdaws are very wise people who know all that goes on in the neighborhood, and delight to tell it to their friends and relations.

The day had been very hot. A constant stream of tourists had poured through the Castle, wearying one with chatter more ceaseless than that of the Jackdaws themselves. And as the afternoon wore on my fingers and my eyes ached, and I laid down my brushes and leaned back against the old wall behind me.

Presently I observed that the Jackdaws ceased flying backwards and forwards ; and they gradually gathered themselves together on the top of the broken arch opposite me. There was a good deal of hopping to and fro, of choosing comfortable positions, of shaking out tails and wings, and settling every feather in place. Mothers and fathers brought young half-fledged children out of the holes, and put them in safe places where they would run no risk of falling. And how they all chattered!

I listened and watched, and watched and listened ; and all of a sudden I found that I began to understand what they were saying. I listened more closely; and then I distinctly heard a very important-looking Jack, with peculiarly fine plumage, remark, "Thank goodness, they are gone at last."

"Who are gone, father?" asked a fledgeling.

"Why, those odious tourists," he answered. "How they do talk! A respectable Jackdaw can't make himself heard in such a Babel."

"I don't mind the tourists," said another. "But I do detest those schools of children who come here to picnic! There were less than usual to-day; but do you remember last Whitsuntide? It was enough to addle all the eggs my wife was sitting upon. There was one specially odious child who came up to the great Queen's chamber, and screamed with a voice like a screech-owl, to another little wretch below: 'Oh! 'Lizer! come up 'ere! I'm in Queen Elizerbeth's dressin'-room a-settin' on 'er dressin'-table, a-doin' my back 'air.' I declare I longed to fly down and pull her hair out. It would have been useful for next year's nests."

"And that boy," chimed in another, "who set his mother's pug-dog at the sheep by my Lord Leicester's Lodgings. How pleased I was when that tall woman who is forever painting here — why, there she sits still — never mind, she won't hurt us — what was I saying? Oh! the dog and the boy — when our tall friend there, fetched the gatekeeper, and had them both turned out. How the boy ran when he saw the green coat and gold buttons coming after him!"

"The children are so greedy," sighed Mrs. Jack. "They eat up every crumb they bring with them, and never think of our nestlings. I prefer the 'country families,' who drive over with a big luncheon-basket, and always have lots of bits."

"Are they the people with blue heads that we saw to-day?" asked a fledgeling.

"Good gracious, child, no!" cried its father in horror. "Why, those are Americans. Those blue things that they tie their heads up in, are veils. I have never yet been able to find out why they do so, for they can't see much through them, I'm sure. Nevertheless I like the Americans. It is true they talk a good deal. But they are really interested in our Castle, and know what they are looking at. And they never propose to rebuild our walls here, as some of those English people do, whom Mr.—— called Philistines the other day. I don't quite know what he meant. But I'm certain it was something bad; and I was rejoiced to hear it."

"Who was my Lord Leicester," said another fledgeling, who had been sitting with his head on one side in a reflective manner. "Was he a relation of ours?"

"Ah! my poor child," laughed his parent, "your ignorance is truly lamentable. It is high time for Great-grand father John to begin your education. And there he comes."

As he spoke, all the Jackdaws looked eagerly across the ruins of the great hall towards Cæsar's Tower. I looked too; and saw a single Jackdaw of stately and venerable appearance fly slowly from the massive tower with its walls of old Roman concrete sixteen and twenty feet thick, and join the group before me. The young Jacks looked with awe at the old gentleman, and stopped fidgeting and asking questions. Their parents ceased chattering, and bowed their heads, and drooped their wings, and shivered their feathers in sign of welcome and respect.

Great-grandfather John (I suppose they called him thus, because they thought "Jack" would have seemed too familiar) settled himself on a bit of broken tracery that lay in the midst of the Jackdaw's parliament-ground, and cocking his gray head on one side, thus began:

"My dear great-great-grandchildren, it has always been the custom of our family that every summer the young Jackdaws should learn a little of the history of their famous, learned, and ancient race from the bill of their oldest relation. For many years it has been my privilege to instruct your parents; and now it is time that your education should begin. Have the young ones been asking any questions yet?" he continued, turning to the parent birds.

"My child wanted to know if my Lord Leicester were a relation of our family," laughed the father of the reflective fledgeling, and all the elder Jackdaws laughed too.

"Silence," said Great-grandfather John. "No one can learn unless ~~they~~ he ask‸ questions. So don't hide your head under your wing, for you have done nothing wrong: but listen to me.

"My Lord Leicester was no relation of ours. He was a man, a very splendid, handsome, wealthy, and gallant gentleman. There were great doings here in his days, three hundred years ago.

"Our Castle then was very different to what it is now. This vast hall was roofed in. Huge fires of logs cut from Kenilworth Chase burned in those great open chimneys. The walls were hung with colored stuffs with pictures on them worked in silk and fine wools. Those broken pillars and ribs of stone you see down there, against the lower walls, supported the floor of the great hall. At this southern end of the hall the lofty archway we are now sitting on, led into the State apartments reserved for Royalty. And outside the north wall of the hall, where the winding stair leads past the old thorn-tree, is Mervyn's Tower, in which my Lord Leicester's lovely wife, Madam Amy Robsart was concealed once upon a time, when good Queen Bess was my Lord's guest.

"Yes! those were grand times. My great-great-grandfather who told me about them, heard it all from his great-great-grandfather, who was a few month sold when the Queen came to Kenilworth in July, 1575. He lived in the top of Cæsar's Tower, where my apartments now are, which is, you know, the oldest part of our Castle. He saw all the grand doings. In fact he was asked by the branch of our family who live at Warwick Castle, to come over there to welcome the Sovereign of English Jackdaws and men. And he accompanied the Royal Progress all the way from Warwick to Kenilworth; which attention, it is said, gave her Majesty much satisfaction.

"He saw the great Queen, mounted upon a milk-white steed, arrayed in gorgeous attire, and blazing with jewels, ride along the avenue through the wood over there, between rows of flaming torches held by two hundred horsemen, which made the twilight as bright as day. Upon her right hand rode my Lord Leicester, one glitter of jewels and cloth-of-gold, on his splendid black charger. After them came all the Court, fair ladies and wise counsellors, and all the nobles of the country; with such a crowd of knights and gentlemen, squires and serving-men, as reached half way to Grey's Cliffe. And outside the gates was so great a throng of people from all the country round, as was never seen before or since.

"So soon as the Queen stepped on yonder broken bridge across the lake — you need not look for the lake now, my great-great-grandchildren, for it is all dried up, and Mr. Treplin's cows are feeding there — as soon as the Queen reached the bridge, a beautiful dame, curiously dressed, sailed up on the water, with light all round her, and dolphins and strange water-creatures swimming about her; and she welcomed Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth. And just as the Queen came up to the great gate of the Castle, cannons were fired, and fiery rockets filled the air, and the people shouted, and there was such a tremendous noise and such a blaze of light that several of our family flew away in alarm, thinking the Castle on fire.

"In the evening, our ancestor, who shared the thirst for knowledge which has ever been a characteristic of our race, found that sleep was impossible; for Cæsar's Tower was the guard-house in those days; and the men-at-arms kept up such noisy feasting that no Jackdaw could close an eye that night. He therefore flew from his chamber in the tower; and, guided by the light and music, managed to find claw-room on one of the lofty windows of the great Hall.

"The Queen sat within upon the throne, which was near the door to her apartments — just where those railings go across now. My Lord Leicester was wondrously dressed all in white from head to foot — velvet, and cloth-of-silver, and seed pearl, and shining satin — the most noble courtier in all that splendid company. He stood beside the Queen and did the honors of his Castle to her. And presently our ancestor saw a gentleman of a grave and beautiful countenance, kneel before Her Majesty, who struck him lightly on the shoulder with a sword, saying, 'In the name of God and St. George we dub thee Knight. Rise up, Sir Walter Raleigh.'

"I have heard that this gentleman was a wise and gallant man; and that he sailed across the sea to the land of the Americans, and brought back all manner of wonderful things to England, "Our ancestor was so much interested in all he saw that night, that he followed the Queen next morning into the Pleasaunce below Mervyn's Tower, where the gatekeeper now grows his potatoes and gooseberries. And he was present at her meeting with Madam Amy Robsart, who, he said, was fair as a lily and lovely as a rose.

"Yet it is reported that she did not find grace in the Queen's sight; and that she was seen no more in Kenilworth, and came to a sad end soon after. But if ever you visit our Warwick relations who live in Lord Leicester's Hospital that he built for old soldiers, you may peep into the Brother's Kitchen when the porter is away, and see a bit of Madam Amy's work hanging on the wall.

"After those days of revelry our family had a grand time of feasting. There was no lack of food close at hand that year; and many of the nests next spring were beautifully decorated with threads of silk, and satin ribbons, and glittering jewels and gold, which our ancestors picked up and carried to their storehouses as mementos of the Queen's visit to their Castle.

KENILWORTH CASTLE. INSIDE THE RUINS.

"But most of these treasures were lost some seventy years later when Oliver Cromwell laid siege to our Castle. My great-great-grandfather's great-grandfather was living in Kenilworth then. He told terrible tales of how the cannons were planted all round the Castle and battered the walls. Many of the young birds were killed by the falling stones which crumbled under the cannons balls; and when the army went away — after draining the lake, and cutting down the trees — our Castle was left desolate.

"Yet after a while our ancestors found that Oliver Cromwell, in spite of his ugly face and ugly clothes — such a contrast to my Lord Leicester in his white velvet and cloth-of-silver! — had really done them a kindness in ruining the Castle. He made it a thoroughly comfortable dwelling for Jackdaws. The grand dinners were over it is true, and they had to fly further for food. But there was no one, save a few serving-men down at the stables, to dispute their uninterrupted possession of the Castle that has been our property for so many generations. The siege of Kenilworth was really the beginning of the strength and power of our famous branch of the family."

"But I heard some one saying the other day," said a rather forward bird, "that Amy Robsart never was here at all — that she died three years before Queen Bess gave Kenilworth to Lord Leicester — that Canon Jackson had written a paper about it in a blue-covered book called the *Nineteenth Century*."

Great-grandfather John turned his bright eye upon the speaker.

"Young birds," he answered solemnly, "who set up to teach their great-grandparents to suck eggs, and try to destroy the traditions of ancient and respectable families, always come to a bad end. My great-great-grandfather told me that his great-great-grandfather had *seen* Madam Amy Robsart in yonder little chamber where the railing was put last year. Miserable sceptic! Do you wish for better proof than that?"

At these words all the Jackdaws young and old gave a great shout, and flew upon the young prig who had doubted his great-grandfather's accuracy.

There was a tremendous flapping of wings, and screaming of harsh voices; and up they all whirled like a black cloud into the air saying, "Ja-ack, ja-ack, ja-ack," so loud that I too jumped to my feet with a great start.

The sun was setting. The gatehouse was turning pale flame-color against a black thunder cloud, up in the north towards Coventry. I gathered up my sketching things, scattered the remains of my luncheon about to attract the Jackdaws' notice, ran down to the gatehouse, and in ten minutes my pony was flying along the elm-shadowed road towards home..

Had I been asleep, do you ask? Oh dear no! I never sleep in the afternoon. And beside that, if any one will give themselves the trouble to listen, they may always understand what the Jackdaws have to tell. Try for yourselves when you go to Kenilworth Castle.

HERMANNUS CONTRACTUS.

(*A True Story of the Eleventh Century.*)

WHEN one is studying any subject he is quite sure to find many things that are graceful and beautiful and which he wishes others could enjoy along with himself. I suppose there is no harm in a hard-working geologist bringing in a nosegay after a day's exploration ; and so I scarcely think it worth while to ask permission to tell this pathetic little story which is hidden away from most readers in the Latin and German languages and among forgotten books.

In the year 1013 there was born, somewhere in Suabia, a little child called Hermann. In later years he himself wrote it " Heriman," but historians agree to spell it in the usual form. He was the son of Walfrad, Count of Vehringen and the oldest of fifteen children. At seven years of age he was unable to stand any comparison with other boys, for he was palsied and crippled and nearly incapable of motion. He was *gibosus ante et vetro, et contractus, et claudus* —" bowed, before and behind, and crippled, and lame." He had, that is, a hump-back and a bent chest, and was otherwise deformed and paralytic. In an age when a count was expected to be a hard rider and a strong fighter, it looked as if poor little Hermann had no destiny before him.

His mother was a good woman — one of the best. The child too, came of godly stock, for one of his ancestors was the holy Udalric. And thus at seven years he was carried — literally — off to the South and placed in the Convent of St. Gall where there was a very famous school. This was in the old town of St. Gall near the Lake of Constance; and in this convent originated the " sequences "— irregular songs of praise to God of which that sentence in The Burial Service, " In the midst of life we are in death," etc., is a good example. In fact Notken, a monk, of this very St. Gall, composed that beautiful prayer when he saw the bridge builders hanging at their dangerous task over the little stream which dashes on down to the lake.

St. Gall was then a place full of music and singing. And the crippled lad — though he could scarcely move without help — mastered his studies so well that he soon became an honor to his teachers. He learned, in spite of his defective voice, to chant the services. He understood the intricacy of the queer, square-headed notes in the "antiphonaries," or singing-books. And he also learned how to write, himself, on parchment. There were, of course, no printed books in those days, and in the "Scriptorium" or writing-room of the convent the monks worked hard to multiply copies of their valuable volumes. The time was divided regularly; so much for singing, and so much for praying, and so much for eating, and so much for manual labor, and so much for meditation and study, and so much for sleep. Into this routine the little Hermann was early inducted and here he probably spent — more or less continuously — the first thirty years of his life.

Here, too, I suppose, he got his life-long nickname of *Contractus*. "Hermannus Contractus" is the title by which he is to be sought out in history. It means "Hermann the Cripple," and he is usually called by it, though the Germans sometimes say "Hermann der Gebrechliche" — which means the same thing. His true name, "Hermann von Vehringen," and his adopted name, "Hermann of Reichenau," are seldom used. It was Hermann the Cripple who became celebrated.

You might think that such an affliction would have soured the poor lad and disgusted him with his fellows — but it never did. He is sometimes spoken of as "*hilarissimus*"— which means "most cheerful"— and alwas as "*eruditissimus*" which means "most learned." In the manuscripts collected from the remains of the old convent library at St. Gall there is still to be found one which he wrote with his own hand — some lines of the saints by Anselm of Canterbury, the great Englishman. Those are the days before the Reformation, when Christianity could only be discovered in such nooks and corners of the land and when many a noble and pure soul lived and died in the cloisters of monasteries and under the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church.

Hermann at thirty took upon him the vows of the religious life. He promised to spend his days, unmarried, pure and devout. He entered the convent of Reichenau, not very far from St. Gall. Here he passed the remainder of his existence, from the year 1043 to the year 1054.

Reichenau was another celebrated abbey. A fine church was built there in Hermann's time by King Henry the Third — "the Black." The convent itself was on an island in Unter-See, a portion of the Lake of Constance, and it was surrounded by green fields and pleasant orchards. Here the children of noble families were educated. Here they studied the *Trivium:* Grammar, Dialectics and Rhetoric.

And here they also added to these, after they progressed a little, the *Quadridium:* Music, Arithmetic, Geometry and Astronomy.

The boys were taught to speak Latin and to write it — using it, finally, in place of their native German tongue. They sang in the choir and were regularly instructed by such competent teachers as Hermann had now grown to be.

And as for Hermann, he became "*miraculum nostri secli*" — the marvel of our age — as one of his contemporaries styles him. He was not merely a master of Latin and Greek, but he acquired the little known language of the Arabs, and perhaps he picked up an acquaintance with Hebrew. But he was a good deal given to science, and wrote a treatise on the squaring of the circle, and another on the calculation of eclipses, and others still on physiognomy and the use of the "astrolabe," which was a mathematical instrument for estimating the distances and angles of the stars. He was quite a mechanic, too, and it is said, though incorrectly, that he made clocks and watches in his leisure hours.

He bears the reputation of having been a master of verse; and of his treatise upon metre enough is said to show us that he was very skilful. Some of his hymns have survived, and if you will turn to *The Prioress' Tale* in Chaucer, or to the modernized version of it by Wordsworth, you will find one of them in the *Alma Redemptori's* which the little Christian boy was singing. A certain historian says that he wrote "many thousand" such songs — but, alas, we can never hope to identify them!

So he lived and so he died. After he went to Rheinau he began a "Chronicon"— or history of the world from the year A. D. I. In it he tells us of his own birth in the year 1013 and of his father's and mother's deaths. His mother died two years before himself — in 1052 — and he writes a touching elegy in Latin which he adds to the brief words in which he records her departure to a better world. His "Chronicon" appears to have been something like a private historical summary intended for his own use — but it is invaluable nowadays to the students of early German history.

By this time Hermann was abbot of his convent — that rich and powerful house whose abbot could go to Rome, so they said, without sleeping outside of his own dominions by the way. That is, the property was so vast and in so many different places that he only needed to travel from one of his possessions to another as he proceeded upon his journey. Reichenau — Augia the Rich — had been established in 724 and therefore it was now over three hundred years old.

The end came in 1054 — and it is notable that the crippled hand carried the "Chronicon" along to that very year, as if it would not drop the pen before it was compelled. Berthold of Constance, Hermann's friend and pupil, writes about the last scene. He says that his beloved master sank away sweetly and gently, bidding the weeping monks prepare to meet him in the world above. Finally he called Berthold closer and being there alone with him, he told him of a dream which had come to him. It drew him with such gladness to the better country that he finished all he had to say on earth with the words, "Yes, I am tired of living" ["*Taedet quidem me vivere*"] — and so fell asleep.

And now for the strange and surprising fact about him — which I have kept to the last. It was he — and *not* Robert the Second, King of France — who wrote the "*Veni sancte Spiritus*"—"Come Holy Spirit." This is the loveliest of all Latin hymns, and in tracing back its authorship the other day I came upon this almost unknown man and this entirely unknown story. This is no place to give the argument which establishes the thing beyond any reasonable doubt. I can only say that the hymn is credited to him by the historians of both St. Gall and Rheinau and that the earliest instances of it come from Germany; and *from these two convents* and the neighboring one of Einsiedeln. I might add that all his life and character accords with the beautiful hymn — and does so far better than Robert's.

Thus, whenever we sing this sweetest song of praise, we have the right to remember that it grew up like a fair plant, in the soul's garden of the little crippled Hermann of Reichenau. We can associate it with the Lake of Constance and the Upper Rhine. We can remember that it came from one, celebrated abundantly in his day, but whose greatest honor it is to have triumphed over sickness and peevishness and bodily defects and so spent his life in the one consummate essence of that fragrant hymn that it is redolent of his piety and purity even yet!

A WORTHY NINE

I WAS seated here in my little book-room, one afternoon not long ago, when a wonderful circumstance befell me of which I must tell you. The door opened and a large card was handed to me, bearing upon it in black letters the name "William Caxton, printer."

"Show the gentleman up," I said to the servant.

"Shure, an' there's tin av thim!" she exclaimed with an air that made me suspicious that a regiment of foot, or a company of armed police was about to enter my peaceful abode. She retired, however, and there stood before me the owner of the card. He was a veritable antique. A long white beard covered the most of his face that was not hidden by his round fur cap and shaggy eyebrows. I could have called him Santa Claus, if he had not borne himself with more dignity than that jolly old saint usually exhibits. With a low bow and the accents of an educated gentleman, he advanced to my writing-table as I rose to meet him. Casting a hasty glance about my little room, he said, in effect, that he was accompanied by a few friends who wished to make the acquaintance of one who did not despise men or things because they were old, but that only a portion of the party would come in at once. The others, he said, would stroll over the Common, wonder why the soldier on the Monument had got out of the sentry-box to stand on the top of it, or read the inscription on the tombstone beneath the Washington Elm.

I assured Mr. Caxton that there was no need of doing so, that in fact I preferred to see his entire party at once, and I proceeded to demonstrate to him that four peacefully disposed men might sit on my capacious lounge, one in the rocking-chair, and that the five remaining might be otherwise provided for. He assured me, on the other hand, that they had all of them been so long seated in the horse-car that standing would be a luxurious change. Hardly had this explanation been made, when I heard a tramp, tramp, tramp on my doorsteps, and a rattling of side-arms and coats of mail, and lo, the nine companions of my visitor entered, in companies of three each. Three took seats on the lounge, but no fourth could I get to sit beside them, and the two remaining groups disposed themselves on opposite sides of the room, while Mr. Caxton himself took the rocking-chair in which little Dorothea had but a few moments before been beguiled to sleep in her mother's arms. I looked at him as he sat there. He was evidently a gentleman of culture and wealth.

He said that he had been a resident of London four hundred years before, and should not have been in this part of the world now, had not one Mr. Henry Stevens, of London, a sort of Green Mountain boy, made him uneasy and finally drawn him out of retirement by a celebration gotten up in his honor a few years previous. He confessed that he had done some good printing in his day, but he had not supposed that it would have been remembered after so many years. He was so much astonished that he had been unable to rest quiet, and, having returned to the world again, had taken up a sort of pilgrim-staff, and was out on a tour of inspection of foreign parts. There was, he added, much more of a world to be seen than he had known before. No one had ever heard of America in his first days on earth. As for printing, it almost took his breath away to think how fast the presses make books now — and the old man rocked back and forth so rapidly, as he reflected on the activity of pressmen and compositors, that I expected to see him fall back flat on his back in spasms. Soon, however, he became composed enough to say that he could not think of visiting America without bringing his "nine" with him.

By way of helping forward the conversation, I asked if my caller had come to our shores to fill an engagement for a match game, for I knew that the Harvard "nine" had sent challenges to clubs in England; but my remark was lost, and Mr. Caxton cast a glance at some small volumes on the top shelf of a bookcase and continued:

"You know all about my nine," said he, "for there are three books that have the appearance of having been read more than once, and oftener than the three next to them."

I looked up, and there stood old Sir Thomas Malory's "Most Ancient and Famous History of the Renowned Prince Arthur," and by its side the romance of Amadis of Gaul — the one worn by use, the other fresh and new. Hardly had I seen them before my friend took down the first volume of the former set, and, pointing to the prologue, exclaimed, "There! read my words. I wrote them, and set every type of them with these hands, at the Abbey of Westminster, in the year 1485! There I introduced my nine to you. On the lounge before you, behold the three 'paynims,' who were, as I wrote, ''tofore the incarnacyon of Christ' — Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar. By the window, stand the three Jews, Joshua, 'who brought the people into the land of behest,' David, who was king in Jerusalem, and Judas Maccabeus, who stood up for his country's rights. By the parlor door are seated King Arthur, of whom the volumes tell, Charlemagne the great emperor, and Godfrey of Boulogne, who went to the Crusades.

They fought on opposite sides when in the world the first time, but they keep peace as they travel with me, by holding their peace." At this little pun all the heroes smiled beneath their raised handkerchiefs.

I was about to welcome the Nine Worthies to the New World, when it occurred to me that they must have astonished the ladies and gentlemen in the horse-car, as they came out from Boston. You see that I think all good things must come from Boston. On a second thought I concluded that they would have been recognized as the remains of some "Old South Ball," and would not have been disturbed by curious questions. The imagination of the scene was, however, too much for my gravity, and I fell back in my chair and found relief in a hearty laugh. When I had regained my composure I noticed that laughter was catching, for there stood Hector, at the end of the lounge, holding his sides with both hands, and roaring until his beamy helm shook and his side arms rattled at a merry rate. He had picked up Bryant's *Iliad*, and opening it at the end of the sixth book, had read the affecting account of his own parting with his wife and child at the Scæan gate of Troy.

"I remember," said the valiant hero, "what a hunt I was obliged to make for Andromache and Scamandrius, and how I found them at the gate, though it was about thirty-three hundred years ago; but how these poets do dress things up! The little fellow *was* afraid of my brass helmet and horsehair plume, and I was sad at parting with Andromache, but I did not talk to them in metre — I am not that sort of a man. We had the matter all talked over before, and I was in a terrible hurry. I only wiped my eyes, and kissed my wife, and said, 'Now Annie, dear, run home and keep busy. Take good care of Mandri, and I'll come back as soon as I can.' I didn't tell her that I was to be killed, and she taken prisoner, for I wished to keep her spirits up. I did tell her that I would not keep out of battle like a coward, and she said that she honored me for my pluck. I am interested in this book, though, and thank the poet for making me appear so noble. By your leave, I will read some more of it." With these words noble Hector sank back on the broad lounge and was not heard to say any more.

Just then Alexander the Great, who sat next the gentleman from Troy, reached over him, and grasping the elegant sword that hung at the side of Judas Maccabeus, exclaimed, "Where did you get that, my fine fellow? I gave that sword to Ptolemy and told him to keep it." At these words Judas rose to protect his treasure, and at the same moment Charlemagne and King Arthur started and slapped their scabbards, to be sure that their precious weapons, *Durentaille* and *Excalibar*, were safe. They sat down satisfied, but not too soon to startle me by their commanding appearance. Charlemagne was nearly six feet and a half in height. His face, though very attractive, was dominated by a remarkably prominent nose, and his flowing gray hair made his appearance charming. While I was engaged scrutinizing this great light of the Continent in the Middle Age, Judas explained his title to the sword, *Recuite*, by showing how Ptolemy Epiphanes had given it to him, and he told also of the wonders it wrought in the battles of the Jews against the oppressive Syrians, a century and a half after the death of Alexander.

At this juncture, Mr. Caxton remarked that being an Englishman, he did not feel at home in a rocking-chair, and asked Julius Cæsar to change seats with him, a movement which brought the Roman hero face to face with the great Briton. Arthur said:

"By the way, Julius, I have always been interested in one of your books. We used it in school when I was a boy. It began: '*Alexander fauces jugi, quæ Pylæ appellantur, intravit.*'"

"No, no!" interposed Alexander. "You mistake. Your quotation is from a book that Quintus Curtius wrote about me."

"I stand corrected," said the Briton. "I should have said, '*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres.*' The book gave an account of Ancient Gaul, and contained also much that interested me about my own ancestors."

"I confess," said Cæsar, "that for once I found my match, when I met the Gauls. I wrote also in a confident tone to the people at Rome, about my 'conquest' of Briton, but I am free to say now that I had an eye to political effect in my dispatches."

Upon this Godfrey of Boulogne arose and said, "I am the latest born of all this company, except our Marshal, and I remember that it was said that after great Julius left Britain an influence from Rome remained for hundreds of years, and that when the last Latin left the land, it fell into a bad state, and would have become prey to invading Saxons, had not Arthur arisen to lead his people to victory."

"True," said Charlemagne, "I was born two hundred years after Arthur had left the scene, and the memory of his twelve great battles, in which he was victorious over the Saxons, was as fresh then as the daily exploits of my own noble Paladins."

"And they always shall be fresh," exclaimed Caxton, "for the story that I printed has been married to immortal verse by a 'maker' who still lives and sings, the greatest poet of our 'nook-shotten isle' of Albion, as some one has called it.

Ah, I remember another poet who sung your praises, my dear Godfrey, and well he might have done so. When I think how the great Duke Joshua led the chosen people into the land of behest, and how the great King David fought the battles which put the kingdom of Israel on a firm foundation — (here Joshua and David bowed their heads modestly) — when I think of all this my heart swells with indignation at the desecration of the detested 'paynims' who held Jerusalem so long. I am thrilled with admiration of your deeds of valor in the Holy Land!"

While this speech had progressed, I noticed that Caxton had grown more and more excited, and that Hector and Alexander had nudged each other and finally called Cæsar to a whispered conference. A moment later Hector arose, drew his sword, and exclaimed, that he and his two Gentile companions could not sit still and hear such remarks made, and that unless Mr. Caxton ceased his aspersion of the "pagans," as he was pleased to call him and his fellows, there would be trouble. I noticed that Cæsar, in unsheathing his sword, had knocked down the portrait of Mr. Howells that hung on the wall and had broken it into many pieces. The three Christians, in their haste, had overturned one of the bookcases and spilled the mucilage, and, amid the swords and fighting men, my position was becoming an embarrassing one.

I called upon the heroes to remember that their reputations — the growth of centuries — were in danger. My words were in vain, however. Mr. Caxton incontinently jumped out of the window and has not since been heard from. The desk was my only protection. Meantime the strokes of the swords grew more and more frightful, and it was evident that there would be no peace until the warriors had all been put *hors du combat.*

Late in the afternoon, as I was about to call Nolan to pick up the remains of the scattered armor, and to sweep out the library, I was startled by a voice that said, "My dear, how long you have slept! We have knocked on your door three times, to let you know that dinner is on the table."

I was happy to know that that which had been so real to me was but a vision. I could scarcely believe that I had not really seen the Nine Worthies, so deep an impression had the scenes of my dream made upon me. As I meditate upon it now, I realize, more than ever I have, the differences between our days and the olden times of which we read so much. The time is long past, when men take offence so readily and so constantly look out for some cause for quarrels. They do not now draw their swords and cut and kill one another, in the fashion of the knights of old. They are not so ready to fight as David was, nor as Hector, Alexander and Cæsar were.

I suppose that I must consider it all a dream, but I shall never cease to congratulate myself that I have seen the old heroes, and their historic swords, nor shall I soon lose my desire to know where William Caxton went when he took flight from my window.

A DAHABEEAH-WRECK ON THE NILE.

OF the many pathways and modes of travel there are few more delightful than that of making the ascent and descent of the Nile in the time-honored dahabeeah. From the very earliest times travellers have praised the beauties of the classic river, and to-day the perfect life which is lived on its waters draws to it many of those wanderers whom more sunless lands send forth to peep into the nooks and corners of the world. And Egypt, "that gift of the Nile" as Herodotus calls her, will ever allure travellers, for time cannot efface the records of her past, nor dull the freshness of her present. Her four thousand years of history lie graven on her banks in many a mighty monument — the silent witnesses of those successive empires whose rise and fall she has watched through the by-gone ages — while her present is bright with the color and life of an orient land. Whether sailing gently up the picturesque reaches of the river's winding course, or descending with the swift current, Egypt pours down on the voyager her sunshine, wraps him in an air that has the freedom of a continent, while she unrolls an ever-shifting panorama of fair eastern scenes, enriched with those wondrous temples and architectural glories which have made her land so famed. The hours, robbed of monotony by the constant moving of the vessel, bring their own incidents. Each day is a placid page of lovely life, filled with the undying charm of antique times and scenes.

Yet dahabeeah travelling is not without its perils. The people one has to journey amongst are not always quite so honest or peaceable as they might be; rocks and sand banks make the river's course in many parts a perfect network of dangers; sometimes the dreaded "kamseen," or desert storm, will drive across the river, wrecking every craft that it meets in its direful path; while squalls which convert the calm waters, in a few moments, into an angry sea are by no means unfrequent. Many a good vessel, encountering one of these sudden gusts of wind, has taken her treasures to rust and moulder at the bottom of the fair but faithless river; and in such a mischanceful moment it was that the writer's dahabeeah was lost.

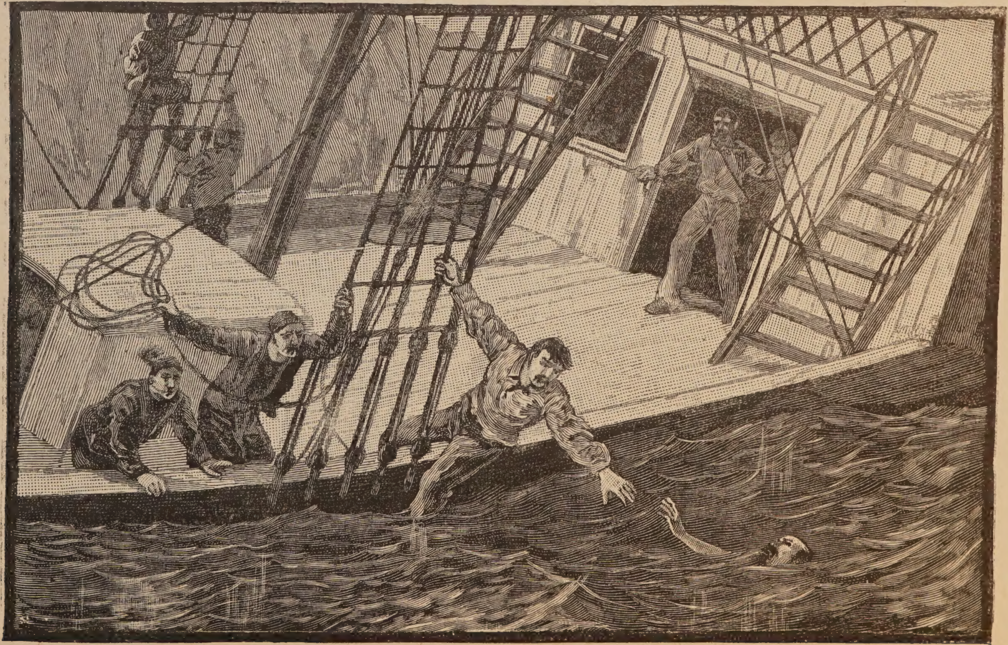
We were an English family party of four, two ladies (M—— and L——) and two gentlemen (P—— and myself) seeking for winter sunshine in a voyage up the Nile. The name of our dahabeeah was the *Bedawin*, and a beautiful vessel she was, roomy, swift, gorgeous in white and gold paint, and furnished in her interior with a strange admixture of Eastern luxury, and the European notions of what is necessary to be really comfortable. Being a pleasure-dahabeeah, she was much larger and more gracefully built than the native craft sailing from village to village with local merchandise; but in her general design and rig she was of course similar. The accommodation, under the after-deck, consisted of three single-berthed cabins and a bathroom opening into a central passageway, a double-berthed cabin at the end of this passage in the stern of the vessel, and a small but well-fitted saloon, occupying the breadth of the ship between these and the fore-deck, to which latter it opened by a curtained door. Above was the usual poop or raised deck, with its divans and awning for the owners, and from this a short flight of stairs descended again to the fore-deck, where the sailors lived and most of the ship's paraphernalia were stacked. Her tall wing-like sails of which she had the usual two, namely the "trinkeet" or main-sail, and the "balakoom" or stern-sail, caught the softest of breezes, and away with an almost imperceptible motion she would seem to fly before the light airs. On board of her was the "Ryis," or captain, a dignified old Arab afflicted with weak eyes; his crew of twelve men, most of them Nubians, with their cook, also a young Nubian of solemn disposition; our two table servants, Ali and Mustapha; our cook, an Arab named Achmet, fated alas! to be the one victim of our catastrophe; and finally the dragoman Khalil Yusuf, a handsome Syrian, timid by nature and undecided in danger. These with our four selves made a total of twenty-one persons that she carried.

We had been three weeks gone from Cairo, travelling southwards, when the *Bedawin* reached the little village of Mensheeyah, where, as the sun was just setting across the Lybian hills, and it is dangerous to continue sailing after dark, the dahabeeah was moored by the village bank and the watch-fires lighted. The town is a poor-looking place, with dirty narrow streets, its sole redeeming virtue being apparently the manufacture of a peculiar white sweetmeat of a viscid nature, which tastes like what I should imagine an admixture of soap, sugar, and plaster of Paris might; on the other hand owing to its sticky nature it is *par excellence* the best fly-paper yet discovered. While we were mooring here three other dahabeeahs passed us, pressing on for some more southern village, their tall vague sails looming out against the dark sky. We called for their names, and in the silence came back their answers: *Lohengrin*, *Rachael*, and *Excelsior*, names that will figure in this story.

The next day broke cold and stormy as the *Bedawin* left the village of Mensheeyah still wrapped in the semi-light of dawn. Our Ryis had set the sails to the strong northerly wind blowing and the brave little dahabeeah raced merrily along between the green fields of the eastern shore and the sandy desert of the western until they converged in the great pass of Gebel Tookh — a magnificent wall of cliff shutting in the Nile with its sun-blistered and barren precipices.

It was about seven in the morning when the *Bedawin* entered beneath the towering rocks which were fated to claim her amongst their many victims and to be the unwritten tombstone of her ending. Fiercely up the pass blew the wind, and fitful gusts came howling down the chasms and gorges of the hills, cutting the water up in white waves, and driving the sand and stones over the cliff-tops. So violent were some of these gusts that one which struck the *Bedawin* heeled her over to such an angle that the shroud-bolts touched the water, and sounds of broken crockery arose from the pantry. The almost flat bottom of the Nile dahabeeah is a necessity for successfully passing over the numerous sand-banks which are constantly shifting their position in the river's bed; but this advantage in one respect is a grave drawback in another, the lack of keel making navigation in bad weather a most risky task. A dahabeeah will sometimes lean over to the wind till her low bulwarks almost dip beneath the water, and then woe betide the vessel if the sailor holding the "trinkeet-sheet" is not ready to let go and so free the overstrained ship from the pressure of her canvas. Too often the sailor whose temporary office it is to hold this important rope will endeavor to shirk the duty by fastening it to the deck-ring; but let the traveller beware of this evasion, for death lurks in the omission.

Our Ryis, seeing the peril of the situation, should have made for the shore and awaited there in safety calmer weather. But his Arab indecision cost him, as all of us, dearly, for the gale growing momentarily more boisterous, the poor *Bedawin* became hopelessly unsteady and at last uncontrollable.



THE TRINKEET-SAIL IS FURLED TOO LATE

The unusual commotion which the storm caused on deck soon brought P—— out from the saloon, who, realizing the need of some decisive move, told the bewildered Ryis to furl the trinkeet-sail, or let everything fly. This was the last order given on board, and had it been carried out (as it should have been long before), the unfortunate vessel might have recovered herself and been saved. But before the sailors who climbed to execute it had clambered half-way up the tall trinkeet-yard, the *Bedawin* gave a sudden plunge and then keeled over on the starboard side, throwing the ill-fated cook Achmet, who was as usual in the bows by his kitchen, into the water on that side. P—— leaped to the shrouds, clutched them with one hand, while with the other he tried to seize the drowning man, whose body was just visible below the water; but the ship drove forward on her beam-ends, and the hapless man drifted away in the rapid current. A rope was thrown him, and the poor fellow touched it, but had not strength to hold it, and relinquishing his feeble grasp, he sank to follow the river's current in its winding course, to be cast on some sandbank, or washed ashore by some field, where the timid native, fearing to answer for his dead body, would consign him again to the waters, to float onward with the tide, the one victim of this unfortunate day.

While this was occurring, many things had also befallen. Alarmed at the frightful heeling of the vessel, M—— had left her cabin for the deck just as the *Bedawin* half-righted herself from the perilous position she had been in. The tiller in a sudden swerve of the vessel from her course had broken, and was consequently useless; while the men aloft were still endeavoring to furl the large sail. Had we been able to drive on to the low western shore, it might have saved us, but we were by this time at the mercy of the wind and river — an already helpless wreck. As the boat righted herself, she seemed to struggle bravely a moment or two against the overwhelming wind blowing off the mountain-heights and down its ravines; but then, surrendering to its superior strength, with a plunge forward she heeled over on the port side, and so capsized altogether, submerging everybody and everything, from the sailors at the end of the lofty trinkeet-yard to the chickens in the deck hencoops, in one direful chaos of confusion.

During the momentary stillness of the vessel, when she recovered from her first great lurch, I had left my room, where I was dressing, and was just reaching the saloon as the vessel made her final heel on the opposite side and turned bottom upwards, filling passage, rooms, and saloon, and floating all the furniture of the ship's interior about in every direction. Amongst this awful confusion, with chairs, tables, cushions, divans, guns, books, and all the many relics of our late luxurious life on the river, I was now hurled, and thus suddenly found myself face to face with death, with almost no chance of escaping.

Happily for me I had always been passionately fond of swimming, and now my knowledge of that art was to serve me in good stead. The curtains of the passage-way leading to the saloon at first held me in their heavy folds like a fish in a net, but freeing myself from these I tumbled into the saloon and easily gained the outer doors, although not without receiving some ugly knocks from the tables and chairs, which continued to shoot about in the water as if possessed of goblin-lives. Grasping the handles of the sliding-doors, which met in the centre of the doorway, I tried now to force them back, but having nothing but water to stand on, and not being a merman, my efforts were for a moment hopelessly futile. At last however I gained some unknown support, and pulling with my well-nigh spent strength against the force of the water, they opened — how, I cannot say; but I have a vague remembrance of passing through the water, and seeing ropes hanging about in fantastic lacery, strange objects around me; and I distinctly recollect my head coming into contact with some large box or heavy article, too substantial to be easily forgotten, more especially as my head was bruised for a week afterwards.

But the moment that I reached the surface and drew fresh air, I recovered sufficiently to gain the friendly support of a chicken-coop that was floating, full of its dead inmates, near me, and with regained breath, could view the scene around me.

The *Bedawin* had not sunk entirely, but with her port side lowest, had become water-logged, with about a foot of her hull still showing out of water. Having drifted broadside to the current, she thus formed a breakwater for us on the lee-ward side, where we were all floating amongst boxes, boards, and the various items of the ship's furniture, some of which supported us. This happy chance of being so sheltered by the vessel saved us from driving away with the strong current down stream, where most likely all would have perished, the river being more than a mile broad in this part.

Thus there was a platform, consisting of the vessel's starboard bilge, slightly raised from the water, and on to this everybody had now to scramble. Most of the sailors being clear from the very beginning of all the wreckage, had easily gained such a temporary safety, and two or three of them after some trouble now pulled M—— there also. Next followed P——, reaching the keel with difficulty; and then a Nubian named Jonah, with some others of our crew, made good their footing on the floating island, with whose joint help I scrambled up and helped to lay hold of the old Ryis.

Here we found L—— sitting in most scanty attire, for the accident having happened at such an untimely hour of the morning, P—— and I were the only persons dressed, the ladies being in their *habits de nuit.* Her escape, due to her own pluck, calmness, and presence of mind, had been most remarkable. Her room was luckily on the the starboard side, and so, when the vessel finally turned over to port and the water rushed in through her bedroom-door, she found herself standing on the side of her cabin and knee-deep in water. Imagining the vessel would sink immediately, she hastily undid the window, now above her head, and pushing back the venetian blinds (closed to keep out the morning sun's rays), she struggled through the open space with the help of a sailor already on the exterior of the water-logged wreck, and thus by her coolness, saved her life when none of us could have rendered her help.

There were now twelve sailors, with the Ryis, dragoman, two table-servants, and our four selves on the drifting ship, making in all, twenty persons. For some moments it was indeed a doubtful question whether the *Bedawin* would, with all this weight upon her submerged hull, remain above water or sink and finish off the catastrophe. But she continued to float, though as she became more sodden with water and consequently sank deeper each moment, it was obvious that, unless speedily lightened of her living freight, her total immersion was a mere question of minutes.

Happily the small boat which was always towed behind the *Bedawin*, had not capsized in the accident, but floated near by, still fastened to the dahabeeah's stern by a painter rove through an iron ring at her bows. To cut this rope which thus inextricably held her to the sinking wreck was now our hope; but the only tools we possessed were a small ladies' penknife and the broken glass of the windows. However by means of these, and after fearful trouble, P—— and I, working by turns as the fingers of one or the other became too benumbed to continue, the rope was at last severed, and the boat freed. Then manning her with three of the more reliable sailors we sent detachment after detachment — for she would hold but three passengers at a time — ashore; the ladies first; then those who had been hurt in the wreck and the boy Mustapha; then those who could not swim; and so by hard working gathered the little army of twenty persons under the frowning face of Gebel Tookh.

But though safe again on dry land our day's adventures were not yet over. Cold, and wet, and hungry, there was nothing for it but to push on southward in the hopes of reaching some village. So over six miles of broken ground strewn with jagged stones we were now obliged to trudge, their sharp edges cutting our bare feet, for we had but one pair of shoes amongst us. Several times some of the fainter-hearted sailors broke down, but for their own sakes had to be forced on — for the Arab in distress has little of the energy or self reliance which in happier moments he may possess.

After two hours of this painful walking we found a shadoof-worker, plying his laborious task at the irrigation of a field of water-melons, and enlisting him as guide, were brought to the village of Gebel-es-Sheykh. Here the simple villagers were more than kind. They set the largest hut at our disposal, made a great bonfire, spread food before us, and dressed the ladies in Arab clothing. Late in the afternoon our vague plans were suddenly interrupted by the appearance on the scene of another Englishman. His dahabeeah, the *Excelsior*, had passed us on the previous night, and was now at Girgeh about six miles to the south of our hospitable little village. He had heard from native boatmen passing up the river of the accident to the *Bedawin*, and had set forth in his felucca to search for us. Under his kind guidance, we sailed up the short distance of river to the welcome banks of Girgeh, where the generous aid and sympathy of the owners of the four dahabeeahs lying there soon ended our troubles.

A SCHOOL IN THE FAROE ISLANDS.

THERE are few more curious sights in Europe than the outlying islands of the North Sea, which seem hardly to belong to the civilized world at all, but rather to have been planted by King Winter as outpost sentries around his Polar citadel. Beyond wooded Scotland lies treeless Orkney; then Shetland, barer and bleaker still; then the grim precipices of Faroe, right out of the beaten track, as if hiding from the world; and lastly, far away to the northwest, volcanic Iceland and frozen Greenland, where the Arctic regions begin in earnest.

But even these desolate little nooks of No-Man's-Land can look gay and pretty enough on a bright spring morning; and our first sight of Tromsoe, the largest of the Faroe Isles, is certainly well worth having. Far and wide, the huge black cliffs tower up against the clear morning sky, while here and there a break in the great wall shows the sunny green uplands that lie behind it. A sudden turn, and we are gliding into a smooth, deep bay, so narrow at the mouth that it almost seems as if the sea had run in here to play hide-and-seek, and had never found its way out again. At the far end of it, plastered like a postage-stamp against the steep hillside, appear the clustering log huts that form the "town" of Thorshavn (Thor's Harbor).

Small as it is, this tiny capital has the distinction of being the only town in Faroe, and its thousand inhabitants form a full tenth of the entire Faroese population. It has a citadel of its own, too, for from the ridge above it flutters jauntily the trim Danish flag (a white cross on a crimson ground), surmounting a quaint little toy fort defended by four rusty guns and two men — the whole being on so tiny a scale, that one might almost expect to see labeled on its side, "The complete set, only 50 cents."

And what a strange, outlandish, fairy-tale kind of place it is, when we step ashore! The first thing we see is a lamb on the roof of a house, feeding contentedly upon the grass that covers the turf-thatch. A little farther on, several strips of jagged black leather are seen waving in the wind along the wall of a log cabin; but another look shows them to be dried sheep's tongues, hung up like jerked beef in South America! This surprise is followed up by another — that of finding that three or four great blocks of grimy-looking wood heaped together in a corner, are really the bones of a whale! Junks of whale-flesh (a common kind of food here) are hanging in every direction, looking very much like coarse salt-beef; and a bleaching-ground of linen which we pass a few minutes later, gives us another start, the supposed linen being a store of flat-fish, spread out in the sun to dry.

And the farther we go, the more these oddities increase. The log cabins are either tarred or daubed with red paint, and we find rams' horns nailed over many of the doors, "to keep away the fairies," as the owners explain. The steep winding streets, paved with slippery "cobble-stones," are so narrow that two men can barely walk abreast. The figures, too, which meet us at every turn, look as if they had just stepped out of some old German engraving in Jacob Grimm's fairy tales. Short square-built men in steeple-crowned hats and broad-skirted brown coats with thick woolen stockings drawn up to the knee; round-faced women in short dresses of coarse dark "wadmaal," little saucer-shaped caps, and pointed sandals of soft lambskin; chubby children, almost as broad as they are high, wearing peaked red nightcaps such as one sees in the old Dutch paintings, and shaggy little ponies, not much bigger than sheep.

But with all its queer details, the capital of Faroe makes a very charming picture. In front extends the bright blue sea; behind lie the long low hills, floating in purple shadow — all around spreads the smooth green turf, with a huge black spike of rock starting up through it every here and there. A deep gully runs through the centre of the town, down which a tiny stream comes dancing and sparkling in an endless succession of miniature waterfalls; while the clear blue eyes and rosy cheeks of the towns-people show how well this rough outdoor life agrees with them.

It is no easy matter to reach the crest of the overhanging ridge. At one moment I find myself over ankles in the thick brown mud that underlies this tempting greensward, the withdrawal of my foot sounding like the "plop" of a cork; while the next instant comes a howl of pain from one of my comrades, who, in scrambling over a loose "dyke," has brought down a huge stone right upon his tenderest toe. But at last we get to the top, and admire at our leisure the neat little white church, with its score or two of gravemounds, around each of which runs a well-kept border of flowers.

Just beyond the churchyard stands the schoolhouse, looking very neat and trim with its clear thatch and whitewashed walls, and the well-kept gymnastic poles and ropes on the tiny patch of green turf in front of the doorway. Through the half-open window comes a buzz like the hiving of a swarm of bees, showing that the morning lessons are in full swing; and around the door lie a pile of satchels, all bearing visible marks of hard usage.

I venture to peep into two of them. The first contains a well-thumbed Danish *Robinson Crusoe*, inscribed with "Christjan Baerentsen, hans bog" (his book). In the second are three brown huge biscuits, put up by some careful mother, lest her boy should be hungry during the long schoolhours between eight and two.

Opening the door rather unceremoniously, we enter the school itself, and are very politely received by the teacher. He is a tall, thin man in rusty black, whose pale face contrasts very markedly with the ruddy color and round cheeks of the sturdy little fellows whom he has in charge.

Three or four of them are standing before his chair, repeating their lessons, while the rest are seated on low benches along the farther side of the little whitewashed room. They seem a very well-behaved set on the whole, although the wistful looks cast at the window by some of the bigger boys, show how they are longing for the glorious summer holiday-time when they will be out of doors all day long, climbing for guillemots' eggs among the precipices that overhang the sea, swimming and diving in the cool, clear water, or going a-fishing with their fathers and big brothers.

"How many boys have you here?"

"Just twenty; we don't usually have more. They generally stay here till they're fourteen and fifteen years old, and then either take up some trade, or go to Copenhagen to finish their education."

"Are your schoolbooks printed on the island?"

"No, we get them all from Denmark. We've got all Hans Christian Andersen's tales, and the children seem very fond of them."

"And what do you teach them?"

"Reading and writing, both in English and Danish, as well as geography, arithmetic, and a little history; and then they sometimes learn a piece of poetry by heart."

"Indeed! Can we hear one of them recite?"

"With pleasure. Hans Petersen, come up and let the English gentleman hear how well you can repeat '*De Tappre Land-soldat*' (The Valiant Soldier)."

Hans Petersen — a sturdy little ten-year-old, with a clear blue eye looking out through the mass of tousled yellow hair that frames his round sunburned face — shoots a sidelong glance at us, and then, apparently satisfied that we are not likely to be very hard on him, rolls out the famous old Danish war-song as energetically as if the whole national army were listening.

At every repetition of the chorus, I see the little heads nodding a lively accompaniment, while the teacher himself (who must have sung it pretty often when he was shouldering a musket against the Austro-Prussian invaders of Denmark in 1864) beats time briskly with his thin fingers, as the stirring words of the last verse come clanging out:

— for should we shrink away,
The Germans will come in on us, and for us make our hay;
And so with all my might
Like a soldier brave I'll fight,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The final "Hurrah" is echoed by the whole school with a vigor that quite drowns the half-hour stroke of the queer old clock in the farther corner; and with it comes a scuffling of feet and a scraping of benches, as all the twenty start up at once. For the teacher, like a sensible man, never forgets that he has been a boy himself, and knowing by experience how hard it is for these restless little bodies to keep still for so many hours together, lets out his flock for a general romp from half-past eleven to twelve; and the lessons go smoothly after that!

Out they all rush pell-mell on to the green, darting up and down the exercise-poles as nimbly as monkeys, swinging like frolicsome spiders at the ends of the ropes, rolling head over heels on the smooth turf, playing leap-frog or "tag," shouting, laughing, singing, enjoying the fun of the moment as only children can; while the teacher, seating himself in the doorway, looks on with a smile.

Gladly would we stay and have a frolic with these thorough-going merrymakers; but it will never do to risk letting the steamer sail without us, and being left stranded here for a whole month. So we turn off again down the hill, while our small friends above send a shrill little cheer after us by way of farewell, which, if not quite so loud as a royal salute, is much better worth having.

THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

HALF a dozen interesting letters containing Royal gossip, or rather items of home life at Windsor and Balmoral were once given to me by the kind friend who had copied all that could be of general interest. In one of these occurs this passage :

"You will be glad to hear something of the *new baby*, for after all even in the Royal family a Princess six months old is for the time being no more nor less than the *new baby* and the Queen and the Prince seem to regard her in this fond *homely* fashion. She is a perfect little darling. Very pretty with large eyes and a merry little mouth. I was in the nurseries with Lady L—— yesterday and had her some time in my arms and such a vigorous damsel ! She wanted to be tossed and played with and danced about perpetually.

"Lady L—— told me that she had never known the Prince so devoted to any one of the Royal children; that he sent for the baby constantly and that already she knew his step in the corridor. A little later I saw her going out for an airing and her little chubby rosy face surrounded by a blue hood looked the picture of health and contentment. Mary R—— told me that the Queen looking at her one morning said in a tone of infinite satisfaction: 'She *really* looks equal to any country peasant's baby. Don't you think so?' She has the exquisite fairness which the Prince of Wales showed as a tiny child, but certainly no delicacy."

This baby, destined to be the Queen's close companion for so many sad years of her life, was certainly most welcomed by her parents and all the family and household, and, as the letter I have quoted above says, the Prince Consort made her a special favorite from the very first; a fact which doubtless drew her nearer to the Queen when her husband was taken from her.

The Princess was born at Windsor on April 14, 1857, and was christened "Beatrice Mary Victoria

Feodora." A general discussion took place before these names were decided upon, a fact which is surprising since the Royal family make not the slightest use of any name excepting their first, unless in formal signatures, but it is considered a special compliment to have one's name included in a royal christening. The Beatrice was for the sake of old English associations, the Feodora for the Queen's half-sister; and, although her little niece never used the name, she was taught to regard her aunt with special affection because of it.

As "Beatrice," however, the new baby came to be known, the diminutive "Bee" and "Trix," giving way to the loving title of "Baby" or, from her father, of the "*Kleine Madchen*" (Little maiden).

The life of Royal children requires careful consideration from their very start, since either by inheritance or marriage they may have to do with the government of nations; becoming figures in the history of their time, influencing decisions, if not actual laws, and certainly, however obscure their rank or position, having a direct power for good or ill over those around and under them.

The Queen of England, in her maternal responsibilities, has always felt keenly that she had a charge from the nation in the education of her children. Perhaps she over-rates their power now, but any one who has made a residence in foreign countries cannot fail to be impressed by the advantages for doing good which *any* member of a Royal family possesses; when we consider that from their attendance at a Fair, let us say, to their opening a public building, the simple fact of their presence, can benefit the charity or the public work, we can form some idea of the responsibilities of a Royal position under the monarchical rule, and remembering her own very prudently conducted childhood the Queen educated her children on the most conscientious plan.

And how is a Princess "brought up?" For although the Princes and Princesses of to-day do not in any way belong to Fairyland, there unquestionably is about their daily lives a glamour of romance and mystery, the interest which their seclusion from the public eye is sure to produce; and there is no doubt that we feel a curiosity about the commonplace details which bring them nearer us, and make them seem "like other people."

A little American girl once had a picture of the Princess Beatrice at the age of four years, which was a genuine puzzle to her. It was, as she said, "*only* a little girl," and a plainly dressed little girl, too, with her hair in a round comb; a white frock and a blue sash, and for ornament only a slim little gold chain with a locket hanging from it. But that the little Royal girl was *very* like others of her age and sex was shown by her having one plump hand on her chain — the bit of adornment evidently pleasing her as much as though she were, as the American child said, "anybody else!"

At the time this picture was taken the Princess was just beginning to have a life of special rules and regulations. Hitherto she had only been "Baby," a universal pet and favorite, always merry, good humored and attractive, and up to the last her father's darling.

One of the last cheerful hours which the Prince spent with his family was touchingly described to me. "Baby" came in for her full share of notice, and the Prince for nearly half an hour walked up and down the room with Beatrice in his arms, telling her stories, and enjoying her merry prattle. She was extravagantly fond of music, and still holding her in his arms the Prince went to the piano, and sang and played for her little German "Kinderscenen" which the Princess has never since forgotten, remembering keenly, she says, the very cadence of his voice and the touch of his fingers on the keys.

With the first hour of relief from the Queen's agony of woe at the Prince Consort's death, the baby of the household was associated. Stricken by her loss, the Queen could not weep; but the effect upon her brain and nerves terrified all around her. Pale as death, but dry-eyed, sleepless, and cold, the poor widowed lady could not be roused. The physicians declared that tears would be her salvation, but unless they came some dreadful illness must ensue.

It was night; the Queen was in bed, and in the nurseries the children were all asleep. Lady L——, the wife of a well known church dignitary and one of the Queen's most intimate friends, went to the Princess Beatrice's crib, lifted the child, still sleeping, from it, and, in spite of remonstrances from the head nurse, carried the little one to her mother's room, and saying not a word, knelt down by the broken-hearted Queen, putting her baby — the Princess, "Kleine Madchen" — softly within her arms. It was enough. The mother's heart awakened: the long-pent-up tears rushed forth and, at last, holding her baby close to her breast, she slept peacefully; her health, perhaps her life, was saved.

At six years of age the Princess had regular governesses and instructors, Prince Leopold, next in years, sometimes joining in her lessons; but for the most part she was alone in them, being so much younger than the rest of the family. Amusements, however, were not wanting. At Windsor she had her little out-of-door play-house, and there she played regularly at keeping house, learning to cook, bake and brew, to sweep and dust, in the most fascinating way, and in her own little garden cultivating flowers and, on a *very* small scale, vegetables and fruit! Only on rare occasions during her childish days was the young Princess seen in public. A story is told of her escaping from her governess one day in the Crystal Palace during some special "show," so anxious was she to discover what was going on in some distant portion of the hall they were in, indications of which had attracted her attention. How she contrived it is not told, but at all events she reached the desired point without detection and found herself in a group of children around a table. Some careful purchases were in contemplation and the little stranger was allowed to look at the things and express her opinion. She was in the act of calmly saying she wished some of the things herself, when the woman at the stall recognized her. There was a quick murmur, "it's the Princess Beatrice," and a consternation among the company; for how and why she was there was not apparent. A motherly-looking woman in the little crowd stepped forward and said in broad Scotch, "Eh, but she only a *chiel* after all, and we can take her to her ain easy enough." And with little ceremony the young Princess was picked up and carried back to "her ain" in the Scotch woman's strong arms! Whatever was said

H. S. H. PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

or done afterwards, the Princess never tried to "mingle with the masses" on any subsequent occasion; indeed as a child and growing girl, her reputation among the people was that of somewhat haughty exclusiveness.

The routine of the Princess' life was arranged by the Queen herself, and the superintendence of her education, although nominally in the hands of others, was watched over carefully by the Royal mother. Regular hours were enforced beginning with the eight o'clock breakfast, after which was an hour of out-of-door exercise — walking, or playing, or riding on the ponies brought from Scotland for the Queen's children; a morning of study and reading followed, sometimes diversified by a visit from the Queen who either examined the little scholar or listened to her recitations, discussing the child's progress with the governess in a sociable way. When suggestions were to be made, the Queen was always careful not to *seem* to interfere with the teacher's authority, and even the request for an extra holiday had to be formally made through the governess and with her full sanction. Masters in music, drawing, the languages and dancing came regularly, and like all the English Royal family, Princess Beatrice is a good linguist and excellent musician.

On one occasion her music-master, desiring to show the Queen how well his pupil was progressing, suggested they should practice some duets for her Majesty's benefit. Princess Beatrice was much pleased and they labored some weeks over the Fifth Symphony, and some arrangement of Mendelssohn's best overtures. When the evening came for the Queen to hear this music, the Princess was rather alarmed, but her master assured her she would do well. Judge, however, of her astonishment on finding placed before her some music she had never seen !

Vainly did she protest that it was quite impossible — she could *not* read it ; all however *sotto-voce* to Professor H——. He insisted that she *could*, and so off they started ; the Princess' fright gradually lessening as she saw that she was doing fairly well, and ending by a genuine success. Professor H—— explained that he had desired to show the Queen by this bit of strategy the real proficiency of the Princess whose "pluck" he knew would carry her through.

Although so great a favorite with her mother, and inclined as I have said to a coldness of manner not characteristic of the Royal family, the Princess was not a spoiled child, and was made to exercise self-control and submit to a great deal of discipline and restraint when in London or even at Windsor, so that it is no wonder she welcomed the visits to Osborne or Balmoral where she has always had so much freedom in driving, walking, or boating. At Balmoral above all, the restraint of court etiquette was frequently laid aside — the Princess going about quite informally visiting the cottagers, nearly all of whom are on the friendliest social terms with the Queen and her youngest daughter.

A photograph of the Princess at Balmoral shows her in homelike dress, and easy attitude in one of the garden chairs; her favorite dog curled up at her feet, her book open on her knee; some trifles scattered near, as if she had been sewing or embroidering, while her eyes are lifted with a pleasant smile in them to a lady standing at her side. This picture, one of a private collection, suggests the Princess at home very agreeably. There, it is said, she is full of animation, good spirits and kind-heartedness; but her entire devotion to the Queen has kept her from the sort of friendly intercourse with the public which has made the rest of the Royal family so popular. Perhaps no young lady in England has seen as little of society as the Queen's youngest daughter; she has paid very few even of the country house visits which are frequent with other members of the Royal family, and gone to but few balls during the ten London seasons since she was first formally "in society." The state balls at Buckingham Palace have been her most festive occasions and these, although very magnificent as spectacles, can scarcely be interesting to the young Princess, since it is her place at such times only to receive formally.

Perhaps, however, the most amusing part is the supper which is in its way rather sociable. Only certain people are invited to the banqueting room with the Royal family, but it is not uncommon to find several Americans in the company, owing to diplomatic invitations or the distinction always shown an American visitor of note. At a stated hour the supper-room doors are open; the Royal family enter first, followed by the specially invited guests. As soon as they have passed in, the doors are closed; the Royal people seat themselves at a table at one end of the room, while their guests are grouped at small tables ranged about, the only difference in service being that all articles used on the Royal table are of gold, while those upon the other tables are of silver.

Few scenes are more brilliant however so far as splendor of decoration, toilettes, uniforms and illumination are concerned, for the court regulations of dress make a magnificent attire necessary; the trained satins, plumed head dresses, and the blaze of jewels go far to the embellishing the scene, while, to the least among the servants in attendance, a "bravery" of gold lace or silver, of scarlet coating and white silk stockings, is required. The Queen's own band plays during the supper; flowers make the long room like a summer garden, and the most dazzling Venetian glass is added to the gold and silver service of the tables. Although the Queen herself is rarely seen at these state entertainments, she is punctilious to the last degree about the formalities attending them, and any oversight on the part of the officials who are in charge meets her prompt disapproval.

During this hour of supper room seclusion the Royal family and such of their guests as are of Royal rank, often move about the room talking to this one or that, and evidently enjoying this social part of the evening very much. An American lady who was present during a state ball supper two years ago wrote as follows:

"The Prince of Battenberg was very cordial and pleasant. He is visiting London, you know, and is apparently well-pleased with everything — his American friends included. He is as handsome as an ideal Prince in a fairy story, dances uncommonly well and talks better. What a pity he is only one of the numerous 'small' German Princes, and for his rank, 'poor.'"

It was, however, during this very visit that the first idea of a marriage between Princess Beatrice and the handsome young Henry of Battenberg was discussed; but a great many points have to be considered in royal alliances which need not — happily — disturb the peace of obscurer people who contemplate a similar change in their state; the first question naturally is that of the nearness of the Prince or Princess to a throne.

The chances of succession for the Queen's youngest daughter are so remote that they need scarcely be considered at all; nearly forty heirs being in "advance right" of her claim. This point, therefore, may readily be waived, and the marriage of the Princess Beatrice considered as one of affection and mutual choice; but in every royal marriage singular though it may seem, the opinion of different foreign princes has to be taken into consideration. Offence may be easily given to some country with whom England is on special terms of friendliness by a marriage which would associate the nation with one who was the other's enemy, and so you see however far from the Crown a prince or princess may be, there is all this to be thought of before a marriage is sanctioned; then it must be formally announced by the Queen to Parliament and the country, and the government is expected to settle an annuity on the bride or bridegroom-elect.

But the home formalities are less severe. Naturally the proposal is made in a very ceremonious manner, and it is not openly discussed until the Queen has decided to favor it. Then it is her place to give the young man " permission " to address the Princess, who, however, has been privately allowed to express her own opinion; after which the congratulations of the family are mingled with a quiet homelike festivity to make the event as like any ordinary betrothal as possible.

In the case of the Princess Beatrice, marriage will make but little difference in her home life since, owing to the Queen's loneliness, the " Kleine Madchen," dear companion of her widowed life, will not leave Windsor, so that we may infer as Princess of Battenberg she will have much the same daily life as heretofore; and a glimpse in upon her routine, her surroundings to-day will indicate what they will be in the future.

H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Let us begin with what we may consider the Princess' own "household" — the people directly in her service.

Court etiquette and custom prescribe that as soon as a Princess leaves the schoolroom, a special "lady-in-waiting," or companion, be assigned her. The duties of this lady are not severe, although she must, of course, accommodate her "times and seasons" to that of the Princess; but when in tete-e-tete there is very little of the restraint or formality in their intercourse which made the court of Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., so dreary to every one connected with it. In those days the ladies of the court waited long for permission to sit down, never began a conversation and rarely advanced an idea; but times and feelings as well as customs have changed. The Princess Beatrice's "lady" is her friend and associate; they talk, work, read together of a morning, share their drives and walks, and have much in common, while the "lady" is at far greater liberty than her royal mistress. She can go out into the general world and lead a far wider life than that which belongs to Windsor or Balmoral; but a rule absolutely enforced, and which I have never known to be infringed upon, is that in company one of the Royal household must never speak of the details connected with his or her court-life: a fact which accounts for the scarcity of reliable chit-chat about Royal people. Those most intimately associated with the Queen and her family are from etiquette most reticent.

The usual period of "waiting," or attendance, is three months; but in the case of the Princess Beatrice this time is often extended — her lady companion being unmarried and consequently having no rigid home-ties such as have to govern many of the ladies attached to the Queen's household. With these constant companions habits of familiar intercourse are formed and bonds of truest friendship made; the English Royal family being noted for their loyalty to those who have served them or been their friends. A second lady belonging to the Princess' retinue has the duty of reader and secretary, added to the performance of various general small offices, such as a lady in a lower rank of life would do for herself; and this attendant is a for eigner, so that the languages so early and fluently acquired are kept up. Next come the "dressers" of the Princess, whose duties are like those of any ladies maid; there are two, and they are expected to take entire charge of the Princess' wardrobe which, be it known — except in the matter of jewels — is far more simple than that of any American girl of fashion. Having seen the Princess repeatedly, I can venture to say that I never but once saw her dressed as elegantly or richly as any so-called American society girl would have been attired on similar occasions. Of the exception I will speak later.

I recall the tall fair English-looking girl on one summer's day in a pretty blue and white linen gown, with a gray and blue straw bonnet, gray *gant de suede* and a white parasol, driving with her companion to one of the hospitals she patronizes; again at an artist's studio, in the plainest of tailor-made cloth costumes, with a cloth "toque" and long dark gloves; and once in the Park on a brilliant June afternoon in white camel's hair, or nun's veiling, with a huge bouquet of damask roses in her hands.

But the impression was always of absolute simplicity, so that perhaps the purity of her complexion, the pretty tints of her hair, and her large quiet eyes were the more attractive; one had time to think of their girlish charm.

When at home the Princess has in her service a special page or man-servant, and her lady-in-waiting has one also provided by the house steward; their duties are to answer the bells belonging to the Princess' rooms, or perform any of the errands or messages the Princess or her lady require. All letters for the Princess, excepting those sent or received by the people known as "Queen's messengers," come first to the custody of an official at court, and only such as the Princess considers worth while are answered. The letters from her regular correspondents in the family are all sent by special messengers, several of whom are constantly employed going back and forth between England and other countries. In this connection I might say that a large portion of Princess Beatrice's time, hitherto, has been devoted to her mother's private correspondence, of which she has had almost the entire charge; and it is said that she herself writes the most fascinating letters, full of "wit and wisdom."

It may be interesting to young readers to know something of the etiquette which governs the Princess' social life. To begin with the matter of visits: These are regulated by the Princess herself. That is, she invites the call, although when a person with whom she is well acquainted has any special reason for desiring to see her, it may be made known through her lady-in-waiting, who then writes or sends word to the friend that at such a time her Royal Highness would be glad to receive a visit; when a more extended invitation is to be given it again comes through the Princess' companion. On arriving at Windsor the guest is conducted to the Princess' private sitting-room, where she remains until the Princess gives some signal for her to withdraw, the only special formality attending the visit. I have seen the Princess in a small, rather informal company when people were brought up by her request to be introduced to her, and the only difference noticeable in their manner and that of others in the rooms, was the little sort of courtesy made on going up and leaving. The conversation was free and sociable, the Princess animated and very much entertained, it would appear, by what was said to her.

When she desires to visit any special place — the studio of an artist or to see any special collection, let us say — the artist, or owner, is notified, and of course other guests are for the time being excluded, the Princess and her attendants, however, coming with very little ceremony.

Occasionally the Queen and her youngest daughter have made visits to some of their friends' large country-houses, and on such occasions special suites of rooms are set aside for the Royal party, and of course while they are being entertained the host and hostess regulate all the movements of their household in accordance with the Queen's wishes. I turn again to notes from letters loaned me :

"The Queen, Princess Beatrice and suite arrived last evening to remain three days," writes a guest from N—— Castle. "I was greatly interested in seeing the young Princess after dinner when she came into the long drawing-room with the other ladies and talked half an hour or so. She is very pleasing; exceedingly intelligent and quick in the way she notices what is said about her. In fact she is — to speak plainly — not devoid of the usual curiosity of her sex about small matters as well as great. She was much entertained by J——'s Pompeian ring and told us something novel about recent excavations with what J—— called a 'very pretty power of description.' She is rather too dignified for her years, and a trifle cold except when animated by conversation, but otherwise fair and sweet in face and manner. . . . . . The Queen breakfasts in her apartments with the Princess, Brown in attendance, and afterwards receives visits from the people in the house, walks or drives in the Park and about. Her dinner party is always small, Lady N—— says, and she will not come regularly to the long drawing-room. . . . . . I was honored by an invitation 'up stairs' to-day, and heard the Princess play — she is an admirable musician. Charles Halle has taught her well, she has thoroughly his *precision*. She is very fond of German music and gives it in the right way. She and the Queen play duets a great deal, J—— says."

This short extract conveys some idea of the exclusiveness which attends even a visit from Royalty. The other guests in the house, although invited with a special view to meeting the Queen or Princess, must await a summons, and are "honored" by the half-hour's after-dinner chat in the drawing-room; but we must remember that Royalty is part and parcel of the nation, and its *personal* dignity has to be maintained as severely as a military discipline — that kind of exclusiveness being as necessary an adjunct as is the pomp and ceremony of field parade.

One autumn day we found ourselves part of a company waiting to receive the Queen and Princess Beatrice at a country railway station in England. The occasion was so important a one that all the townspeople would like to have made it very demonstrative, but the Queen had desired to have the visit pass off quietly as possible. However, there was a large crowd gathered on either side of the railed-off portion of the platform, and everywhere as gay-looking decorations as they could devise in a "quiet way" and on a few hours' notice. The Queen and the Princess were coming to lunch and spend the morning with the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, whose grand country-house was about three miles from this little station, and pretty prosperous town. A small party of the "gentry" in the neighborhood were with Lord Beaconsfield at the station, and, as we chanced to be the guests of one of the gentlemen in the party, we had a pleasant opportunity of seeing the Royal party almost in what might be considered an informal way. So rarely do her subjects see the Queen of England that every eye was strained to gaze upon the small dignified little lady of middle age and a very fair pleasing countenance, whom Lord Beaconsfield assisted first from the railway carriage, and who stood a little while among us on the platform.

But I confess my interest was very great in the young Princess — then in her twenty-fourth year — who, with one lady-in-waiting, accompanied her. Dressed in some very rich dark fabric with the finest of sable for trimmings, the Princess Beatrice looked very thoroughly like one's idea of what a

"Queen's daughter" should be. Tall, and very stately in demeanor, she possesses the fair coloring of her father's race, with a mingling of the Teuton and Saxon, like all the Queen's children, but with something more regular in the outline of feature, and at the same time of a decidedly vigorous type; the clear pink-and-white tone of her skin, the red lips, the strength of shoulder, and the finely-carried head all contriving to make the Princess Beatrice a fair representative English maiden.

As the only one of the Queen's daughters who belongs to the young generation as it were, a special interest attaches to her life and her marriage; and in spite of all maternal fondness, and the fact that she will not make a new home of her own, the real family-life of Queen Victoria ends when her daughter Beatrice shall be known as the Princess of Battenberg.

OUR ROYAL NEIGHBORS AT SANDRINGHAM.

I DARE say all American boys and girls very well know Sandringham to be the name of the house in which the Prince of Wales lives when he is quite at home. I have the good fortune to live within a few miles of the estate, and we often drive there, especially when we have any visitor staying with us whose heart, like ours, is cram-full of loyalty, as we had last November. The Prince and Princess are always at home at that time, and remain to spend Christmas. They had, as usual, been entertaining the people of the county with dancing and festivity. It was the morning after the ball, and there was to be a grand meet of the hunt at Hillington, and we decided to drive to see the royal party leave the hall.

It was a brilliant frosty morning, and off we rattled through the little village and out into the open country, gay with autumnal coloring, the sea glittering and sparkling in the far off distance. We rushed, up hill and down dale, through villages that woke up to see us pass, and along great commons grand in their noble solitude, then up a pretty little wooded steep, and there the Park lies before us in all its English beauty. Here are the Norwich gates, handsome iron structures, presented to the Prince of Wales by the inhabitants of the ancient cathedral city. There is the long avenue of noble oaks and beeches; and then the house itself — a plain and somewhat homely-looking building.

A soldierly looking policeman is standing at the gates. Uncle Raymond, who is driving, jumps down and accosts him: "Has the Prince gone yet?"

"No, sir, you're in plenty of time. You had better go round to Cook's Lodge, and drive slowly up the hill; you're sure to see him pass."

We drive on again. Everything savors of royalty. Prince of Wales' feathers meet the eye at every turn; even the very carts bear his name upon them as they pass. And now we take position on the hill. A quarter of an hour goes slowly by, and yet we see and hear nothing.

"Is it possible," cries Uncle Raymond taking out his watch, "that we have had our drive for nothing? Here is a man, I'll ask him."

The laborer civilly informs us that the Prince is snipe-shooting at Wolverton, and, touching his hat, passes on.

We groan audibly. A gentleman in hunting costume, but on foot, appears in the distance. As he approaches Uncle Raymond questions him: "Does the Prince go hunting to-day?"

"Yes; he does go hunting to-day."

"Will he pass this way?"

"He will pass this way; you cannot possibly miss him."

Presently carts and wagonettes go by; and then a string of the royal hunters step proudly past us. Then two or three red coats appear, more wagonettes, more strings of hunters, more red-coats, all looking as "fresh as paint and as cheerful as parrots." And then comes a pause. We are alone once more. But soon a gentleman rides slowly out of the gates, immediately followed by a laughing cavalcade.

It is the Prince!

He on the gray horse, at the head of the cavalcade, comes slowly up the hill.

Uncle Raymond stands bareheaded at the pony's head. The Prince's eye is upon us and, noting Uncle Raymond's bare head, he lifts his hat, bows graciously and gallops rapidly forward. He looked very handsome in his red coat, every inch the Prince of Wales, and England's future King.

Then there is more waiting until an open carriage, drawn by four horses with postilions turns the corner. Two gentlemen are on the box, then two ladies, then a lady and gentleman. The Princess is on the second seat, and on our side. As she passes, looking pale, but very sweet and pretty, she, too, bows in the most charming manner. Then she also passes out of sight. Our guest had seen the Prince and Princess.

We took another visitor to Sandringham when the family were away. I remember that we visited the little rural church, across the park to which the Princess used to steal so often on those dull winter days more than twelve years ago, when it was believed the Prince lay dying, and all England waited in suspense the issues of life or death. Just without the east window, in the mossy green of the churchyard, there is a little grave with simple marble cross and low iron railing. Here lies the little Prince who only lived through one short day, the third son of the royal pair, Alexander John Charles Albert. Scarcely a stone's throw from this is the grave of the favorite young groom, Charles Blagg, who died of the same illness that seized the Prince in that memorable winter of '71. A stone cross marks the spot, and on the reverse of the cross is engraved by the Prince's special command: "*The one was taken and the other left.*" This is one of the many little incidents which prove to us English people that our Prince possesses a warm heart. He who could be touched by the death of a servant, and acknowledge that God's Providence alone had preserved him from sharing the same fate, must be possessed of deep and tender feelings. In the chancel of the little church, erected by the Prince's order to the memory of his sister the Princess Alice, is another tablet inscribed by him:

H. R. H., LOUISE OF WALES.

" *This monument is erected by her devoted and sorrowing brother Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.*"

We left the churchyard to enter the park and grounds surrounding the hall. There is much of interest to be seen. Although no portion of the house is ever shown, by favor we were allowed to go into the Princess' little tea-room adjoining her dairy; an exquisite little room decorated with gifts from her personal friends in the shape of pictures, painted panels, plaques etc. etc. Here she frequently entertains her especial friends at afternoon tea, part of the meal being a large home-baked loaf, for which the Princess always stipulates, and from which she cuts slices for her guests with her own hands. The big, cool dairy is perfect in its arrangement, and the cream from those large white pans is simply delicious. This is one of the homely tastes that so endears the Princess to us, because it shows that amidst all the grandeur by which she is necessarily surrounded, she still preserves her fondness for simple pleasures and for housewifely ways.

Here in these green lanes and woods she frequently puts aside the accessories of royalty. A few years ago, she and some of her children had enjoyed a considerable ramble, and were excessively fatigued, when opportunely an old man passed them driving a sand-cart. The Princess instantly accosted him, asking him to give them a lift. He, addressing her as "my good lady," bade her and the children "jump up." This they did, immensely enjoying the "lark." They chatted pleasantly as they jogged along (for our Norfolk laborers are singularly shrewd and intelligent, and always ready to respond when talked to), until they came to the big iron gates where the ways divide. The man then asked the "good lady" where he should set them down.

She said he might drive straight on. Now "straight on" meant through those big Norwich gates which admit you into the approach to the hall. The man hesitated. The Princess insisted; and moreover she made him drive up to the very door where kings and dukes and all imaginable grandees are received. I wonder whose surprise was the greater, that of the driver of the sand-cart, or that of the Princess' attendants when she alighted at her own door from this novel equipage!

Only a few months ago the Princess, before leaving Sandringham, went to take a farewell gift of photographs to one of the people on the estate. A new maid-servant opened the door to her.

"Is Mr. So-and-So at home?" asked the Princess.

"No, Miss," said the girl, "but he won't be long; will you come in and wait a bit?"

"Tell him," said the laughing Princess, as she handed over the packet, "that the Princess of Wales brought these for his acceptance."

The Princess herself repeated this story to the gentleman of the house, who quickly responded:

"No stranger would ever take your Royal Highness to be the mother of those fine young men," referring to the Princes.

But to return to Sandringham. We wandered down by the lake, and went into a beautiful little cave which the water enters and forms a deep, still, dark pool, such a contrast to the sunlit lake outside, over the surface of which some lovely swans and water fowl were gliding. We walked on the broad long terrace, and saw Prince Eddy (who is now at Sandringham with a tutor, studying), playing at tennis in the court with the vicar and his wife, and some friends. Then we went through the stables, and saw the tiny pony that was made such a pet of by the royal children that it used to follow them up and down stairs. We were shown also, a little old-fashioned pony-chaise, never used now, which the Prince of Wales first drove out in as a tiny boy. Next we went to the kennels to see the dogs; fine fellows they are, with big loving eyes, and nice smooth foreheads. Then on to the bears; there are two, named Charlie and Polly. They went through their little performance obediently, climbing a pole and catching the biscuits we threw to them, sometimes with their mouths, sometimes with their paws. Next came the monkeys.

By this time we began to feel that we had done our duty right loyally; so Uncle Raymond went back to the "model farm" where he had left the pony. He was put into the shafts by a dear old farm laborer who told Uncle Raymond how he often went round the farm with the Prince, and that they were frequently alone together for hours, and the Prince always talking freely. He said he went part of the way to India with the Prince on board the *Serapis*, to take some cattle to the King of Greece; he spoke of the kindness to King George, and of how he used often to come and talk to him. When he left, the king gave him a portrait of himself and of all his family. He was sent to Denmark once, too, to take some cattle from the Prince to his kingly father-in-law, and met with plenty of kindness.

Of course, we who constantly live in the neighborhood of Sandringham hear, and speak, and think much of our royal neighbors. We see them apart from the trappings of royalty, we meet them riding and driving about the pleasant country lanes and we hear of them fulfilling — as they delight to — the homely duties of Squire and Squiress. The Prince is a model landlord, and the Princess in her home is a bright example of what a woman should be as mistress, wife, and mother. Only the other day I heard of her entering one of the cottages where lay a poor man who had met with an accident, laden with salves and old linen. She examined his wound, and then dressed and bandaged it with her own hands so skilfully that the parish doctor thought another medical man had been called in to attend his patient, and refused to continue to treat him himself. Whereupon the Princess, with a sly laugh doubtless, for she has a very keen sense of humor, sent another doctor to the sufferer.

To the old cottagers the Prince has always seemed more like a country Squire than England's future king; they do not realize his position apart from Sandringham. His pleasant bonhomie, his generosity, his kind-heartedness have endeared him to them. As the plain but familiar equipage goes by, the laborer looks up from his toil in the fields to murmur "The Prince, God bless him!"

A favorite resort of the royal pair in the early days of their married life was a little seaside village about nine miles distant from Sandringham, which has since given its name to a popular summer resort close by. Here is a wide sea-beach, with level stretches of brown-ribbed sand, low sandhills, and cliffs whereon a lighthouse stands. One of the keepers of that Light was a garrulous old man with whom it was pleasant to linger for a chat, as one rested on the bench under the white wall which skirted the Lighthouse garden, on some bright sunshiny morning, with the grand panorama of sea and sky, and the low line of the distant Lincolnshire coast, spread out before one. Just in such a way I have often rested and talked to him, or listened while he told me how he had many a time seen the young royal pair upon the sands below, at play like a couple of children, pushing each other into the water, or drenching each other with the salt sea spray. They used to drive from Sandringham with as few attendants as possible, put up their carriage and horses at a little old-fashioned inn near the shore, and walk down to the beach. The landlord of this inn is (for he still lives) an eccentric character, come of an old gypsy family established for more than five centuries in the village, during which time every now and then the gypsy blood would break out and some one member of the family would take to roving. The old man himself did so in his young days. Curiously enough his surname is Wales, and one day he said to the

Prince, "Your Royal Highness must surely be related to me, for my name is Wales." The Prince was mightily amused with the old man's joke, and showed his appreciation of it by repeating it often.

These little excursions generally included a picnic lunch, either on the beach, or in the park which forms a part of the estate of the lord of the manor, who was then an absentee, representing the British government at Washington. An invariable feature of these picnics was the boiling of a potful of potatoes over a gypsy fire. On this the Princess always insisted. On one of these occasions an old woman familiarly known in the village as "granny," whose birth was lost in the mist of antiquity because, as she herself told me, "her mother never wrote it down," danced before their royal highnesses, and was rewarded with a shower of small coins. The sum of poor old "granny's" years is told now, and she is gone home, and changes of various kinds have put an end to these rural picnics on the beach. Only now and again, generally when they are down for the Easter recess, the Prince and Princess visit the shore with their children;

and the Princess may be seen in her high water-boots, walking leisurely through the thin edge of the water as it creeps up and along the shore. Perhaps, who can tell, the scene reminds them of those

THE PRINCESSES, VICTORIA AND MAUD, OF WALES.

merry days of old, and they tell over again to make the royal children laugh, some remembered incident, perhaps of old granny's dance, or the landlord's relationship.

They are easily moved to smiles and laughter, these happy, healthy children in whom the spirit of fun and enjoyment seems to be re-kindled with added force. Prince George is the mainspring of all the frolic and fun that goes on at Sandringham, at Christmas and other times. He is a good specimen of English boyhood, strong, active, and brimful of mischief. His elder brother, known here by his pet home name "Prince Eddy," is more thoughtful and studious, though now and again Prince George's spirit seems to infect him. With both, Mr. Beck, the agent, is a great favorite. I am almost ashamed to tell how they bestowed upon him the soubriquet of "Old Satan" — wherefore, I cannot imagine, for nothing more anti-Satanic than his jovial, weather-bronzed face can be conceived. They used to delight in waylaying him with snow-balls, and in making him the subject of all sorts of pranks. And yet they have a care for his comfort, for at luncheon Prince George has heaped his plate up with dainties, thinking he cared for, and yet could not get them at home! And they have a regard for his appearance too, advising him as to the kind of collars he should wear, and on one occasion Prince George went so far as to re-tie his necktie for him. When the two Princes returned from their travels, which all the world has read of, they brought "Old Satan" a couple of ostrich's eggs from Jerusalem, which Prince George declared he had actually seen laid! The eggs, duly mounted on appropriate stands, occupy a prominent position in the pretty drawing-room of the agent's house. This house is a sort of common ground to our royal neighbors. Standing in the quaint entrance hall with its mistress, it is easy to conjure up some of the many pictures of royal invasions as she describes them. First, the Princess and her dogs enter on some windy November day amidst a splash of rain, and a whirl of dry leaves. Then, some of the children come clamoring for "Beck," suppressing the nickname in the presence of their mother. Or the Prince rides up to the door with the same demand. From the frequent calls upon him, one would imagine that nothing could be done successfully unless Beck is to the fore.

And then those Christmases at Sandringham! In November they entertain the county at a succession of balls for gentry, tenants, and servants. The old hall is ablaze with lights, long processions of carriages roll down the avenue, merry music sounds, and all is mirth — to the royal party at any rate, though many a young and awkward little country *débutante* may shiver and shake in her shoes at the thought of entering the awful presence of royalty. Not so her elders, however, for to this end have they schemed and contrived, and burned with envy of more fortunate neighbors who, for a succession of seasons have had the entree of Sandringham. But the height of their ambition is attained at last, the magic bidding has been given and here they are, shivering amidst their furs, for the snow lies white without the carriage windows (the first snow of the season generally falls on the night of the Sandringham ball), but what matter cold and fatigue? This night will set the seal to their social position.

Christmas at Sandringham is essentially a home Christmas, a celebration of the great and universal children's day, for, and with the royal children. There are always Christmas-tree parties, too, and dances, and theatricals, at some of which little friends of my own are accustomed to meet the three young Princesses. "And what do they say to you?" I asked one of them, with great gravity.

"O, they just ask the same questions that other children do, only more of them. They want to know what we do at school, what lessons we have to learn, what we have to eat, and all that sort of thing, you know. But they seem most curious about school, because they cannot quite imagine what 'going to school is like.'"

But when Christmas night settles down over the great heath which lies all around and about Sandringham, and darkness clouds the distant sea; when there is an icy edge to the keen air, and the stars shine out with extra brightness; when there is warmth on every hearth in all the model cottages, and only the churches stand dark and still in the cold winter night, how redly the lights gleam behind all the windows of the Hall! Every one outside has been cared for, many a happy Christmas has been made secure, and now the Prince and Princess keep theirs lightheartedly with their children and guests. The two tall striplings — for they are almost young men now — Prince Eddy, and Prince George, rush forward in friendly rivalry to secure the honor of conducting their mother to dinner. They are almost like lovers — those two tall youths — so passionately are they devoted to the beautiful and young looking "Sea-King's Daughter from over the sea." Neither being first, and neither winning preference, the Princess goes gayly to the dining-hall between them. After them comes the Prince with his bonny group of daughters; the portraits given here of the young princesses are from home photographs. There was a grand distribution of gifts at the breakfast table in the morning, and you may be sure that "Old Satan" had received his usual summons up to the Hall to get something very especial. And after dinner comes the frolic. Snap-dragon has been one of the favorite amusements, but so serious did it like to prove one year that I do not believe it still continues in favor. Some of the burning spirit fell upon the dress of the Princess who might have been badly burnt but for the presence of mind of Sir Dykin Probyn, who promptly extinguished it.

So time passes with our royal neighbors, and the years roll on. God grant that many more have yet to pass before they will be called upon to give up their cosey home at Sandringham to enter upon the greater splendor of the Throne.

AN ARGENTINE INDEPENDENCE DAY.

"WISH you were going with me shooting on the Paranà to-morrow," said the U. S. Consul, one May-day, "but I know you ought to stay in Buenos Ayres. To-morrow is the national holiday, the 25 *de Mayo*, and you want to know how they celebrate here. I've been through it two or three times myself."

"O, to-morrow will be the Argentine Fourth of July?" said I.

"Yes; or one of them, rather. On that day of the year 1810 the Argentines deposed the last of the Spanish viceroys. But they did not formallv declare their independence till July 9, 1816, and if you stay here a few weeks you will see to-morrow's doings repeated."

Two days a year set apart as sacred to gunpowder! And both coming in the Southern winter when bonfires would not be unseasonable! How black-eyed Argentine boys must commiserate the young patriots of poor one-horse Yankee-land! So I thought as I left the consul's office, to stroll about the great strange city of the South, already bustling with preparations — a city which might have celebrated the completion of its first century when yet hardly a beginning had been made of the city of Boston.

Discordant blasts from cows' horns, used by the drivers on the many tramways, filled the air; above the din I could sometimes hear a newsboy's cry: "*La Protesta! Republica*, *Nacion! Cindad!*" I soon found myself in the great plaza Victoria, about which were grouped the principal buildings, including the beautiful cathedral and the *cabildo*, or capitol. I noticed that the Argentines had a pretty way of naming streets and of making parks and plazas, as we build monuments, to commemorate important events in the country's history. There was the street of "the Defence," of "the Re-conquest," and of the "6th of July," and there was the plaza "25 de Mayo." The latter was separated from the plaza Victoria by a long Moorish-looking arcade with a triumphal arch in the middle. This arcade was already gay with the flags of every nation; and over them all the blue and white flag of the republic, a golden sun in the middle stripe of white. And if I had not perceived by this that the Argentines considered their country as important as the United States, I should have learned it from a little bootblack in the lofty arcades of the *cabildo.*

"From what country are you, *señor?*" he asked in Spanish, as he finished one shoe.

"I am an American," I replied.

"*Americano?*" he flashed back quickly. "*Loy Americano tambien. Usted es Nord Americano.*" (I am an American, too. You are a North American.)

I noticed, however, that the boys of the city did not go about with the look of joyful anticipation that they wear with us on the eve of Independence Day, nor did their pockets bulge with the materials of explosive fun. I soon saw that it was to be the holiday rather of men and women; and, that while elaborate provisions were being made for illuminations, fireworks, and noise, the authorities undertook to furnish the people with those amusements, and reserved to themselves the supreme felicity of touching the match. Had young South America obtained a firecracker (and I do not know where he could have found one), I doubt whether he would have dared to fire it; for on every corner stood a swarthy whiskered policeman, armed with revolver and sword-like *machete*, looking terribly alert.

The next morning I was awakened at dawn by a mad clangor of church bells all over the city. The Merced church was next the hotel, and, sitting in bed, I could see its glittering dome and tall oriental tower, where the ringer stood gesticulating like a conjurer, as he rang. The clangor ceased after a while, and then I could hear the trumpets at the different posts around the city, sounding a reveille.

After dressing I went up to the broad promenade on the housetop, called by the Argentines the *azotea*. The sun, arisen, was saluting his gilded likeness on innumerable flags, but there was still a breath of frost on the tiles of the roof, and the air was October like — an improvement surely, on our Fourth with the mercury in the nineties.

There had been an artillery salute at sunrise, joined in by the men-of-war anchored in the river, and for a while showers of bombs, sent up from the plaza 25 *de Mayo*, kept up quite a homelike crackling; but all presently became again silent. Just then I heard a hearty English voice behind me.

"Ah! I've found you. What doing here? Come down to the central pier, if you want to promenade — you can have two thousand feet straight away, and not need to face about every half minute."

I turned, and saw a young Englishman named Hanley, whom I had met at dinner the night before, and who, from his year's experience in the country, promised to be an entertaining friend.

"I had begun to think this might be an ancient Spanish or Moorish city, after all," I said, "or even a dream."

"As to that," said Hanley, "I can show you houses and churches here that were built at a period much nearer to the times of Ferdinand and Isabella than to our own."

From the end of the pier, we had a fine view of the old vice-regal fort, at present used as a custom house. Its arcades formed of more than a hundred arches still was imposing; but another long pier, with railings leading right up to the open portal of the fort, showed to what uses it had fallen.

"Being a Yankee, you may be glad to know that our crosses of St. George and St. Andrew had to be lowered from that fort once," said my British companion. "We have the consolation of knowing that you had the French to help you gain *your* independence of us, but these fellows drove us away single-handed."

"When did that happen?" I said, ashamed of my ignorance of South American history.

"In 1806 and 1807. Of course we had Napoleon on our hands at the time; but that does not alter the fact that we were driven out before we were hardly seated in the place. And when General Whitelock tried to recapture the city his army was literally cut to pieces — brave fellows, these Argentines, without doubt."

"Was the fighting done in the city!"

"A great deal of it. That Moorish arcade so decorated with flags to-day — the *Recoba Vieja*, they call it — was the scene of one battle; and Whitelock's army was defeated in the streets, after he thought the Argentine army routed. The name of the plaza, Victoria, was given to it in honor of that victory. The people are proud to this day because their ancestors whipped us. Over there, in the church of San Domingo, they keep the flags they captured from us; and you may see cannon-balls imbedded in its walls, where the Argentines fired into their own church to compel the surrender of some of our fellows who had seized it. Whenever the church receives a coat of whitewash, the balls are painted black."

"But this didn't happen in their war for independence?" I queried, still confused.

"O, no. Still, a people who could handle *us* didn't find it a very hard matter to win when the struggle came with Spain, a little later. But the

President attends *Te Deum* in the cathedral this morning, and reviews the troops. We must see it."

Although it was still early, when we re-entered the city we found the streets filled with people going toward the cathedral. The national colors were shown everywhere — no house too poor to contribute to the general display. Windows and balconies were everywhere draped with blue and white; and the colors were caught up by rosettes under the archways and over the portals, to hang in festoons against the pale yellow walls of the buildings. At the plaza Victoria, Church and State had vied with each other in the adornment of the cathedral and the *cabildo*, and the balconies of the latter and the great portico of the former were filled with people overlooking the larger and less fortunate concourse in the plaza. A row of balconies close to the sidewalk, was filled with young girls and stately ladies, all selling articles for the benefit of some charity connected with the church. The liquid Spanish of their persuasions was most melodious, as with their wax-like fingers they rolled cigarillos for purchasers.

And now the clear notes of a trumpet rang forth from the open tower of the *cabildo*, and answers came like echoes from countless distant points. We could see the soldier who blew the signal standing there, his gay uniform and the broad gold-fringed pennon of his trumpet giving him the appearance of a herald calling knights to some mediæval tournament. The trumpet continued to blow at intervals, and we could hear quick, imperaative drum-taps and strains of approaching music.

A company of zouaves appeared and cleared a passage to the central door of the cathedral, approaching briskly with rifles, the sabre-bayonets fixed. The first regiment that followed was a company of trumpeters on horseback, and next came a regiment of mounted lancers, their bright blades gleaming aloft, blood-red pennons fluttering gayly below; their seat in the saddle was most knightly and the horses tinkled their trappings and curvetted proudly. Then came regiment after regiment of plain every-day zouaves, batteries of artillery, and companies of mounted carbineers.

I could not help noting the youth of many of the soldiers. If the boys of Buenos Ayres were lacking among the spectators, they were present in the ranks — I saw some young orderlies and lieutenants who looked hardly sixteen years old. One dark, handsome young fellow, with the shoulder-straps of a captain, seemed particularly proud of his command.

All the military evolutions were directed by the trumpet of the herald in the tower; and the commands, given in mellow notes from the bugles of the different regiments, rang out most musically over the rattling drumbeats and strains of the wild impetuous Argentine march. The plaza was nearly filled with bright uniforms, nodding plumes, and glittering bayonets, when the state carriage of the President appeared with its guard of honor. It was an immense vehicle of antiquated pattern, decorated with the national colors, its panels pale blue with white mouldings, the arms of the nation gilded upon its doors; and within we could see the President, General Roca, resting comfortably upon cushions of blue and white satin.

Very unrepublican, yet brilliant and impressive, were the services in the cathedral. I could not help recalling to mind tales of the proud days of the rule of Spain, and for the moment the soldierly President became the humble viceroy of a great Catholic kingdom. The subdued organ-tones and chanted Latin service, the splendid vestments of the priests, headed by the gray-haired archbishop, the purple robe of the Pope's legate, who had the seat of honor among the ambassadors — all seemed to belong to that other and long, long bygone time.

The nave of the cathedral was set apart for the President and officers of state, together with the diplomatic corps. I ran my eye over the bright uniforms and decorations of the latter, till I came to our own minister's plain blue uniform of a major-general, and I rather liked its quiet dignity. Farther down, in contrast, a young secretary of legation absolutely blazed in a fur-trimmed Magyar costume of scarlet and gold, plumed fez, and great cavalry boots with gilded spurs of enormous length.

After the *Te Deum*, came a review by the President with more bomb and artillery salutes, and then the elaborate mid-day breakfast.

In the afternoon everybody seemed to be going to the pretty park 3 *de Febrero*, a few miles up the river. The drive was filled with carriages, and railway coaches and trains were crowded — the latter even to the roofs, where young men sat and serenely puffed cigarettes and dodged and ducked to avoid the overhanging street decorations. At the park we enjoyed rifle matches and horse-races (no bull-fights, I am glad to say) and, not least by any means, the fine, broad avenue of palms, for carriage driving and promenading. At the athletic grounds a game of football came off between the Zingara club and a picked team. Hanley took part in this at the solicitations of some who knew of the former's prowess at Rugby and Oxford, and wanted him to "show the natives a dodge or two." In fact the picked team were mostly young Englishmen, and the Zingaras were badly beaten.

In the evening the plazas Victoria and 25 *de Mayo* were again thronged to witness the illumination and display of fireworks. The *Recoba Vieja*, cathedral and *cabildo* were brightly outlined with glittering gas jets, which followed every detail of the architecture to the highest pinnacle. Wonderful ingenuity had been spent in leading the lines of scintillating lights about the plazas, over the fountains; and the Monument of the Victory showed all its carvings and letterings outlined in flame.

The fireworks were, however, but a repetition of the noisy bombs of the morning, varied with set pieces of enormous size, which would not always go off properly. One, which seemed to please the simple fancy of the people, was an exact counterpart of the *cabildo*, in colored fires; but the great venerable building itself, sparkling with myriads of lights, was more attractive to me. From its roof would be sent at short intervals, large fire balloons, showing alternate squares of blue and white, often varied by one bearing the red and yellow of Mother Spain. The wind hurried them away over the river, and over the fleet whose lights twinkled ten miles away. We could watch the lengthening procession made by the fires in the balloons, until each blaze shrank to a trembling star, and then vanished; and we wondered if any of them would reach the shores of Uruguay. A boy came near us with a string of common toy balloons. His great round eyes looked so sleepy, and, like the other boys of the city, he seemed to take such a languid interest in what went on around him, that I said to Hanley that it would be very easy for us to send up our quota of balloons by cutting his string. "We'll do it," said he.

He called the boy, and asked him in Spanish the price of a balloon. "Five *pesos*, *señor*."

"How many have you left?"

"Six, *señor*."

"And how much for the lot?"

"Forty *pesos*, *señor*."

I laughed. But Hanley said, "Oh, that is genuine Spanish bargaining. The more you buy, the greater the price."

With a stroke of his pocket-knife, Hanley cut every string; and the little red globes soared away, bobbing over the roofs, and were gone.

Hanley stood holding out the money, but the little fellow could not see it, he was so overcome with astonishment and anger. His eyes dilated until they seemed twice as large and twice as black; choking with passion, he could only say:

"*Señor!!*"

But when the trifling joke did dawn upon his sluggish brain, he acted as if he would like to laugh, but unfortunately had never learned how. The expression on his face was very funny. At last an idea seemed to seize him — here was a market for balloons — and he hurried away to hunt up some of his fellow dealers; seeing which, we withdrew.

The evening's exhibition closed with an ear-rending, earth-shaking salute of giant torpedoes. It was still early; but I thought that every one, even the young people, seemed relieved, and they departed homeward with the air of patriots who had performed all that their country could ask.

THE ALPS AND THEIR AVALANCHES

EVERY young geographer has read of the Alps, that vast mountain-system of Southern Europe whose main mass extends across the whole southern portion of Switzerland. The Alps, so named from the fact that their tops are covered with eternal snows — the word "alp" meaning white — comprise various clusters, or knots, of mountains from which diverge numerous mountain-ranges running many miles, east or west, north or south from the central knots.

Each of these long ranges has its special name; as the Bernese Alps, the Pennine Alps, the Maritime Alps, the Carnic Alps. Each of the principal peaks is likewise distinguished by a name; among the famous ones are Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and Mont Cervin; these are the three highest peaks in Europe, Mont Blanc, the loftiest of all, being more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Rising from an immense lake of ice, are the no less celebrated Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn (pronounced as if it began with a V). There are, besides, a host of other peaks well known to both student and tourist.

An Alpine mountain has four natural divisions: the lower region, the wooded region, the alp, or pasture region, and the rocky region. Let us climb one.

We leave the valley, and by a steep, bushy ascent soon reach the *lower region.* Here, we do not see many trees; but beautiful vineyards and quaint little cottages, called by the Swiss *châlets,* are scattered along the gently-undulating declivity which, in some places, is crossed by roads connecting two valleys.

Trudging up, up, up, we find the slope begins to grow steep, and that we are not very directly approaching the *wooded region,* for these extensive Alpine forests do not wholly engirdle a mountain.

A SWISS
CHALET. — AT
MILKING-TIME.

So we must make a *detour*, as the French say, must take a circuitous route — which will lead us to the back of the mountain, where we shall enter a big forest which climbs half-way up the slope. There is a great variety of trees; fine oaks, tall firs and pines, birch-trees, beech-trees, and any quantity of sweet chestnuts.

Traversing the length of the wooded region, which is about one third of the width of the mountain, we emerge into the open air, where a magnificent prospect awaits us. We are now pretty far up, and we can see somewhat of the beauty and grandeur of the Alps. We look upon huge towering rocks half-covered with lichens and mosses; we see vast torrents pouring with great noise down from the glaciers; here are lovely cascades and waterfalls; here are frightful ravines, strewn with the fragments of fallen rocks; and everywhere and all around, is an upheaving sea of giant mountains, whose dazzling crests glitter with a strange brightness in the sunshine. At the same time, looking down into the valleys, we behold rich vineyards, green fields, apple orchards gay with pink-white blossoms, cosey villages with gardens, and picturesque *châlets.*

Now we are in the *pasture region.* This is the "garden spot" of an Alpine mountain. Upon these fine pastures browse flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, and goats; and if we hunt for them, we shall find no end of beautiful flowers. Lovely rhododendrons, or Alpine roses, grow in profusion; saxifrages, purple and white, spring from the clefts of the rocks; gay euphrasias and rich blue gentians peep out at us from the vivid green.

As we turn a sudden angle in the path, we come upon a homely hut, before which is clustered a group of bareheaded and barefooted children. Many a herdsman, with his family, resides in the pasture region during the summer months, in order that his sheep or goats, pigs or cows, may have the grand chance to grow fat upon the mountain grass, which is very nourishing, and although it is quite short, I dare say that the lucky cows which have fed upon it would be willing to declare, if they could speak, that it was most deliciously sweet. These mountain herdsmen are rather

IN THE PASTURE REGION. A LITTLE GOAT-HERD.

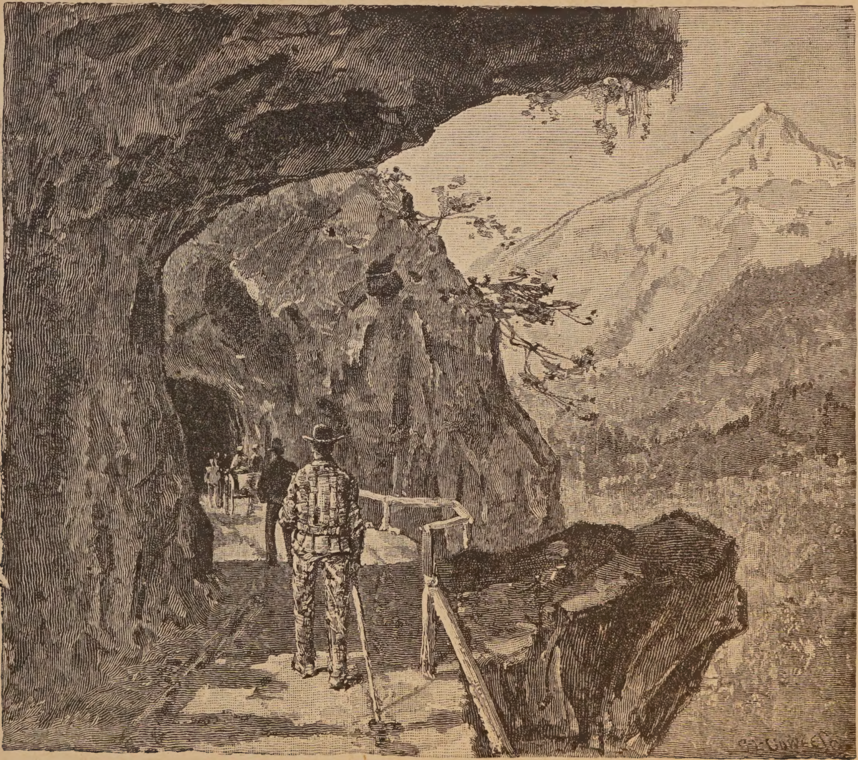
given to perching their huts on the edge of a precipice, and seem to choose, when they can, a rocky ledge overhanging a lake! They have been well called the "children of the air."

Above the *pasture region* rises the *rocky region;* and this goes up to the crest of the mountain which, on the higher peaks, is covered all the year round with masses of mingled snow and ice, called glaciers. These glaciers are perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Alps, some of them being of such vast extent as to invade the largest valleys for a long distance. These great fields of ice are the source of many of the larger rivers that water Europe.

Another mighty feature of this wonderful mountain region is its avalanches, which occur very frequently, their roar at the base of the Jungfrau being almost incessant. There is not one boy or girl geographer in ten I presume who has not read of Alpine avalanches; but perhaps also not one of you in ten have other than a general idea of these frightful phenomena — masses of snow and ice sliding with wild velocity down the mountains. But this is only one sort of avalanche; there are at least four different kinds known among the Alps: the rolling, the sliding, the drift, and the glacier avalanches.

Do not jump at the conclusion that the glacier avalanche, being formed of solid ice, must be the most dangerous of all. This is not the case. The glacier avalanche is only a piece of loosened ice which comes rushing down the declivity, with a noise like thunder, to be sure, but is comparatively harmless, as it is generally broken in small pieces by the rocks it meets in its descent to the valley.

No, the most fearful of the slides is the rolling avalanche. I will tell you how it is formed. You already know that the loftier Alpine peaks are covered with snow the year round. Sometimes, in the spring, in the soft thawy weather, the damp grains of snow cling firmly together and form into hard balls. Whenever one of these balls becomes heavy enough, it begins to move slowly down the declivity. On it goes, always increasing in speed, over a field of snow, getting, of course, bigger and bigger at every turn, for being very damp and



UP FROM THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

clammy, it collects to itself the snow over which it passes, and before it reaches the valley becomes a mighty and immense mass, large enough, indeed, to bury up a whole village. Sometimes such a terrible calamity happens ; in the year 1749, when one of these dangerous and dreaded rolling avalanches descended upon a village in the valley of Tawich, it actually swept it from its site and then covered it completely. You will think it must have caused general ruin and death. But no ; it was in the night, and it was done so quietly that the villagers knew nothing of their misfortune till morning came, when they began to wonder why it did not grow light ! They were dug out, nearly all of them alive.

A drift avalanche, or, as the Swiss call it, *staut-lauineu*, most generally happens just after a heavy snow-storm, when the wind drives the loose snow from peak to peak, and whirls it down in vast quantities into the valleys.

A sliding avalanche — *rutsch-lauineu* — takes place in early spring, when the snow at the summit of a peak melts, and a great patch of it rushes down the mountain slope, sweeping away everything in its path.

Roads, called Passes, have been constructed over all the principal mountain-chains, connecting the valleys, and in some instances, countries. Some of these roads are of great antiquity and date back as far as the Romans, and many suppose that the Carthagenian general, Hannibal, crossed the Pass of the Little St. Bernard on his march to invade Italy. Some of the Passes are only mule paths; but the great Napoleon converted many of these roads into magnificent carriage routes. Such are the Passes of the Col de Tende, Mont Genevre, Mont Cenis, and the famous Simplon, which crosses the Pennine Alps, one of the loftiest of these mountain chains. The Pass of the Great St. Bernard is well known from the Hospice at its summit, where live the benevolent family of monks who devote their lives to the care of travellers. It is also from this Hospice that the sagacious dogs of St. Bernard are sent out to search for and rescue travellers who may have been overtaken in one of the terrible snow-storms

A SWISS MOUNTAINEER.

common to the region. The Pass over Mont Cenis, being frequently buried up by avalanches, was at length found to be very unreliable as a road for travel, and it was concluded necessary to tunnel the Alps. This great work was begun in 1857 and ended in 1870, employing thousands of men, day and night. It is 39,750 feet long.

A still longer tunnel, that of Mont St. Gothard, is now being built. When completed this will be ten miles long. Think of a ride of ten miles in darkness and tobacco smoke! For in the elegant cars that pass through the Alps smoking is allowed freely — only one car in every train being marked *Nicht rauchee* (no smoking).

The Passes of the Alps are generally built over the lowest traversible part of a mountain, but some of them attain a great elevation. The Cervin, the highest in Europe, at one point is more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea — a dizzy height.

The Swiss peasant is fondly attached to the giant mountains of his native country. He delights in rambling through their wild solitudes, and his sturdy heart swells with patriotic pride when he rests his alpenstock on the summit of one of their mighty glaciers.

Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, sings of him:

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes,

* * * * * * *

At night, returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed.

* * * * * * *

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storm,
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

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